CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

VOL. XXVII. DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS. NO. 12.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT NO. 22 SCHOOL STREET
(*Near Washington Street,*) *by*
DAVID REED.

☞ To whom all communications, as well as letters of business, should be addressed.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS, payable in six months or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, if paid in advance.

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, a sixth copy will be sent gratis.

No subscriptions discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

For the Register.

MILTON AS A THEOLOGIAN.

[Concluded.]

In Wood's Oxford Annals mention is made of a lost book of Milton's called "Idea Theologiae." From other sources the existence of such a lost work was believed. The fate of another work, a Latin Thesaurus mentioned in the "Annals," excited less interest. In 1823, a Latin manuscript entitled "Joannis Miltoni Angli, de Doctrina Christiana"—etc., was found during researches there, in the Old State Paper Office, in the Middle Treasure Gallery, Whitehall. This was the original of the English translation which bears the title "A Treatise of Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone, by John Milton." The hand writing of the original is supposed to be that of Milton's youngest daughter, who, with her sister Mary, was his amanuensis after he became blind. The title shows that it was meant to be a posthumous work. The translation was published in 1825.

In this work Milton has treated of theology rather by the collation and comparison of texts of Scripture than by elaborate argument, based in the reason and fitness of things. He evinces here as in all his works and life a deep reverence for the Holy Scriptures. Their decision is final to him. He appeals to them in all cases and waits for their response before settling down upon any plan or belief. This indeed was a characteristic of his times also. The ancient faith had not wholly died away. Churchman as well as Presbyterian and Independent trusted the written word. "For my own part," says Milton in the Preface to his Christian Doctrine, "For my own part, I adhere to the Holy Scriptures alone—I follow no other heresy or sect." "If this be heresy, I confess with St. Paul, 'that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and the prophets.'" This is manly and straight-forward, and is consistent with his whole life. It seems that Milton was no believer in the sufficiency of the inner light. He says, "no one can have right thoughts of God, with Nature and reason alone as his guide, independent of the word or message of God." He deemed that religious and moral truth could be known only from the Scriptures, since it was

"Left only in the written records pure."

This reliance on the Bible is Milton's distinguishing feature as a theologian. He that would not bow to prelaty bowed to the Bible as the Inspiration of God. It is well to notice here, however, that from the canon he excepted Solomon's Song, and also Revelation of which he says, "the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling its solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

In this Treatise he declares his belief in the Providence of God and the Revelation of his will, and rejects pre-destination and election as they are commonly understood.

Milton was no Trinitarian. God the Father is one only. Christ is his Son and Messiah, distinct and inferior. The Holy Spirit is not a person, or if so not equal with God. With regard to our Savior, Milton was an Arian. He argues from the Scriptures that Christ was not eternal, but the first begotten of every creature—the first fruits of the Divine energy. To him the Father committed the salvation of the world. There are some few passages in his controversial works which show a faith in the Trinity. They were penned in the heat of party strife—while the "Christian Doctrine" was the final decision of his mind in retirement—when blindness and a new rule in the State had withdrawn him from the public stage. On the Atonement he is not clear: clear in this, however, that he believed that Jesus Christ was and is the only Mediator between God and man, making intercession for us with the Father.

Original sin he denies—saying that if we accept this doctrine we must believe man's soul to be like the body, in that its features and form are transmissible from generation to generation:—a consequent which Swedenborg accepts.

Repentance or turning from sin he considers a result of regeneration, which is effected by God through the death of Christ.

While busied in theological speculations, he did not forget practice, but has devoted a portion of the Christian Doctrine to the ethical part of theology. The second whole book is a Moral Philosophy, drawn from the spirit and letter of the Scriptures.

A late American edition of his prose works omits the Christian Doctrine. This is more careful than wise or liberal. A man should be suffered to speak through his works. If he makes friends to his doctrines well and good. Bigotry, however, works as well in shutting the mouth of the dead as that of the living.

It is affirmed that Milton was not qualified to write on Theology, for other reasons beside those already mentioned. He lived in times of excitement and ill-blood. He hated the Church and its Doctrines together. He was a man of prejudice. In answer to this let it be borne in mind that Milton became a Theologian after the times of excitement had passed away, and the Second Charles was finally seated on the throne. Milton was in retirement. His mind then, if ever, would be calm, and judgments deliberate and sound. What he wrote then he wrote from his sober convictions of truth. His life had all along been spent in the service of God—in that highest service, works of good for his country and the world: and now in the evening of his years sat down in the society of his daughters whom he loved, and made an examination of his faith. The fruits of this are the "Christian Doctrine" which gives him the character of a theologian. To theology he brought solid learning and mature scholarship and long acquaintance with the world and the springs of human action. Of a free and bold disposition hallowed by deep piety, he was better fitted than most to arrive at the truth in matters where fear keeps many from inquiry. He was candid and honest. What he states as his opinion you feel was so. You have no doubt. The great *poet* is to you a bold, straight-forward *man*. These are excellences in a Theologian. Without them he is nothing.

While Milton's fame as a Poet goes down with honor to posterity, his merits as a Theologian will be acknowledged. Men are growing more liberal day by day, and the time approaches when the speech of the blind old man as he sat discoursing of God and Religion to his daughters, will be listened to by the whole religious world.

R. H. B.

For the Register.

JANE EYRE—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

This is the title of a new work, much sought after, much read, much admired. We are so much surprised at the favorable notices that are constantly appearing of this book, that we must write for ourselves.

It may be well written, but it is all we can grant. To our minds it is exceedingly low in its tone, disgusting in its narrative, highly indelicate in its details, and altogether deficient in its morality. Wherein lies its charm, we cannot for our lives find out. The story is this—The heroine is left an orphan in childhood to the care of friends, or rather relations who have not a shadow of sympathy for her, or love, and who take care of her simply because they have promised so to do. They do it in the most ungracious manner possible. The poor child is not only persecuted, but shamefully maltreated. For a time she submits to it all with unheard of patience and meekness; at last, her nature is roused, and she resists most boldly. The consequence of this is, that she is sent away to school—to a charity school. Here she stays several years, endures some persecutions, some hardships, but finds one or two friends in whom she gets interested, and learns from them many valuable lessons. The intimacy with Helen Burns is very sweet, and the death scene very touching. After this she determined to leave the school, to rely upon herself, and to seek her fortune in the world. She is pretty successful in this—acquires a situation as governess, which puts her at ease at once. There seem to be some mysteries about the family and about the house, but they do not interfere with her comfort, except by making her rather uncomfortably curious. And here her character develops, *comes out*, more than it has ever done. She falls in love with her master, as she calls him—the owner of the establishment—the *perhaps* father of her pupil—at any rate her Employer, who makes occasional visits to the house, but does not reside there—a man of infamous character, or who has been almost all his life, if not all, with no delicacy, no religion, no virtue even. With this most uninteresting, most eccentric, most wicked and incomprehensible person, from whose touch even, a virtuous, delicate woman would shrink, she falls deeply, passionately in love. He offers himself (certainly not because he loves her, for he cannot) and is accepted. She passes over all the mysteries, which he promises to reveal after they have been married a year, and goes to the altar with him. Here, the bans are forbidden—he has another wife! What now are her feelings! Indignation, holy and virtuous, at being so insulted! No such thing, but sorrow of heart rather, that the ceremony was interrupted. She now listens to the most disgusting, horrible recital of his own history, (which he makes as a sort of self-justification,) not only without shrinking, but with the deepest sympathy, the deepest love, and I think the deepest sorrow that she cannot, even now, marry him. She thinks, however, after pondering over the matter quite deliberately, that she had better not, though feeling all the time so very, very, sorry, that we throw down the book in utter disgust.

Instead of looking to Heaven in gratitude, for her escape from such a wretch, and lamenting her folly (to say the least of it) in loving him, she pines and whines, and wonders how she *can* give him up, as if he were the most pure and faultless being in Creation. At length, after a most desperate struggle with herself, she makes up her mind to leave him, and again sets out, without scrip or staff, to seek her fortune. Now, you begin to feel an interestin her, you feelthat she can make a sacrifice, and your sympathies are with her. Hitherto, she has been a somt unattractive, uninteresting heroine and you have wondered all along, rather than cared, what would become of her; but now you feel that she has gained a victory over herself, and however small the effort *ought* to have been, you know that to her it was in truth a great one.

Her lot for a little while seems a hard one. She is reduced to the necessity of begging—to absolute want, and is rescued from what might have been starvation and death, by a most estimable family, who prove to be her relatives. With this brother and two sisters she is quite happy. He enables her to support herself by a school which he procures for her, and the girls seem to be highly educated, accomplished women. By the way this Mr. St. John, the only decidedly true, noble and elevated character in the book, is made perfectly distasteful to you, by his cold, constrained, harsh manner. While here she unexpectedly comes into possession of a large fortune, which, with a true nobleness and rightness of feeling, she at once divides equally with her cousins—they, in truth, being joint heirs with her, though set aside on account of a quarrel with the father. She now can live as she pleases—for a time remains with them, and you are encouraged to hope that she may yet be, all you would have her, a true, energetic, noble hearted woman; but, no, no. She must find out Mr. Rochester. She rejects Mr. St. John, (for which we do not blame her however,) who, bent upon being a missionary, asks her, in as cold, formal a manner as possible, to become a missionary's wife, and goes in search of Mr. R.—learns that his wife is dead, and finds him feeble, blind, and almost helpless. And now, we confess, we can hardly proceed—it is too sickening altogether; however, the end of it is that she marries him, and we throw down the book disgusted and almost mortified.

We are amazed at the unqualified praise this book elicits. Whence comes it! What do we do with our love, our reverence for what is holy and true, and elevating, and pure, and sinless, when we admire such a book as this! Who would for the world be like Jane Eyre, or Mr. Rochester, or even Mr. St. John! There is an artificiality about the whole of it—no naturalness any where. All the characters want harmony and grace, and truth, and virtue. They are strangely compounded and superficial. They have no depth, no truth, with the exception of Mr. St. John, and he is made unattractive and unloveable, and designedly so, evidently, as if the author were determined that nothing good should be entitled to any reverence or even respect.

Our delicacy we confess to be shocked; our taste offended, and we trust we shall have no repetitions. If the morality of the author himself be unquestionable, which we are strongly inclined to doubt, that of his book certainly is not.

For the Register.

MILITARY CHRISTIANITY.

Unitarianism sprung up in secession from a corrupt and incredible theology. In doing this, it necessarily assumed not only the right of independent judgment, unshackled by authority, but the duty of freeing from error religious truth. But it has been discerned, that if pure Christianity is to be judged by its fruits, the reality of purification in doctrine is to be manifested by its tendency to active beneficence; which is indeed the essential instruction of the Gospel.—The unavoidable inference from this is, that the true mission of Christianity, is not so much advancement of right sentiment, as of philanthropy; and the next necessary step is opposition to all customs and time honored institutions, by which the happiness, the elevation and best interests of mankind have been trodden down.

We have reason to rejoice that the perception of these truths, has led to the prominent part taken by Unitarians, in the various benevolent movements of the day, such as temperance, anti slavery, charitable institutions, social reforms, and especially the peace cause,—the child of Unitarian philanthropy. We hail with pleasure the contributions—inadequate as they yet are made by Unitarians to this object, and the numerous sermons and addresses poured by Unitarians into the press, denouncing the practice and spirit of war. A recent development of this peace sentiment is the Unitarian Memorial, lately presented to Congress against the Mexican war, which it is believed, no other religious denomination has followed, excepting the "Friends." This document, signature to which was refused by some conscientious Unitarians, under the idea that it was a Sectarian measure, has, on the contrary, tended to justify and elevate the character of the denomination, and been denounced by none but unprincipled war-makers.

It is desirable that this spirit should be more distinctly exhibited by Unitarians, and more uniformly and consistently carried out; that Unitarians—like the "Friends"—should be still more pre-eminent as lovers of peace and good will towards mankind; and hence that all encouragement of war, or other practices inconsistent with this spirit of love, should be avoided by them. I do not now ask space to enumerate the various methods by which this pacific course should be pursued; but would confine these remarks to one custom, very discouraging to the cause of peace, and causing great scandal to our Churches and Ministry, in the view of genuine pacific Christians. I allude to the participation of ministers and religious men, in military parades and celebrations; acting as Chaplains; offering prayer; preaching, &c.; by which a sanction of the Church is given, more encouraging to the spirit of war, than any it could receive from the approval of the most eminent worldly men; and which affords to unprincipled rulers and commanders, in their violent aggressions upon others, the safest shelter from the indignant rebuke of outraged Christianity.

It is to be regretted that Ministers of real pacific sentiments, and who sincerely abhor all the spirit and practice of war, have been induced to take part in the ceremonies alluded to, under a great delusion. It is alleged, that the occasion is embraced as an opportunity to convey pacific principles to those who elsewhere would not listen to them; and in such form and with such qualifications as will not repel their attention; but in the indeavor to do this, the speaker is always led to make greater apologies for the spirit and institutions of war than are really confirmed by his own convictions; and such apologies are seized by military men, as a complete justification of their profession and all its aggressions, and a martial spirit is encouraged, which overleaps all the limitations of the preacher, in its malignant progress. The preacher who expects to confine the excitement of his military hearers to his own boundaries of the right of war, reasons like the man who should set fire to his own house in a combustible neighborhood, and allege that he only intended to destroy one worthless building, and desired that then the conflagration should cease.

We need not enter here on the vexed question, whether war, when confined strictly to national defence, is consistent with the teachings of the Gospel, and of course whether military preparations for such defence can innocently be supported by Christians; it is enough that we know, that—right or wrong—such preparations are never safe. No government on earth has been trusted with sufficient military power to protect its nation, that has not used it for unjust aggressions on others, or the subjection of its own citizens, and often for both. The Christian minister therefore, who in any degree advocates the martial spirit, or military institutions, even for the most just defence—however good may be his intentions—in reality gives efficient aid to unjust and murderous warfare, and assists to bring slaughter and desolation on another country, and vice and tyranny on his own. All good Christians unite in denouncing the present criminal war against Mexico; but they do not reflect that the spirit which originated it, and the military power which conducts it, derived their chief aliment from the former encouragement to defensive military establishments, given by the very voices now loudest in condemning this uncontrollable result.

Religion, of some kind, has ever exerted a powerful influence over the popular mind of every land; it has formerly been the chief instigator of war, and still gives it no inconsiderable support. Blessed will it be for mankind, when all the churches of Christ shall unitedly frown on every manifestation of it, and preparation for it! Cheering will it be, when even one more denomination shall bear an unequivocal and unfaltering testimony against it! Will not all Unitarians take this elevated ground, so consonant with their benign principles! Unitarian Ministers! If you would give the purest celebrity to the name you bear; if you would promote the love and harmony of the human race; if you would emancipate Christianity from the fetters of martial heathenism, if you would secure the appellation of "the Peacemakers"—"the children of God"—Oh! withhold your encouraging voices from military exhibitions for any purpose.

J. P. B.

For the Register.

IMPORTANCE OF TELLING THE TRUTH.

No one will dispute the importance of the strictest regard for truth being early impressed upon the minds of children. But many will readily assent to this, who do not guard the young against a habit which they are apt to indulge in viz. adhering strictly to the truth as far as mere words go, yet conveying intentionally a different meaning, and thereby deceiving the person addressed.

My attention was called to this subject a few weeks since by hearing in an address to children, the story related of the woman, who after concealing the two spies in a well, replied when questioned by those in pursuit, "that they were over the water"—giving the officers thereby to understand that they had left the city.

This was received throughout the room, with a smile of approbation from the little folks, who doubtless thought it a very good joke, as well as a good way to escape from a difficulty, without being compelled to tell a falsehood.

The great danger in giving any latitude to children, on this important point is, that once establish any belief in their minds, at certain times, or in certain ways, that it is allowable to deceive, they will take the matter into their own hands, and be their own judges of when and where it is proper.

E.

For the Register.

BAPTISM.

In an article in the Register of the 5th ult. the writer says that "among the tracts of our Unitarian Association there is not a line upon the subject of baptism."

He expresses a hope that "the want may not long remain unsupplied." It seems obvious, from what follows in the remaining part of the article, that he has particular reference to infant baptism.

The writer of this, having several years ago come to a conclusion on this question different from that of his Unitarian brethren generally, would gladly see a discussion on the subject take place. Mean time he would beg leave to suggest a few questions which he would hope might be taken up and answered in case such a tract shall be written.

And first—was infant baptism practical, or commanded or authorized by Jesus Christ or his Apostles? If so what chapter and verse in the New Testament shows it?—Is infant baptism *once mentioned* by any writer in the New Testament?—Is there any evidence going to show that there were infants included in the "households" mentioned in the Acts as having received baptism?—Is it not evident that there was no *controversy* on the subject at that time?—that infant baptism was either *universally* practiced by Christians or not practiced at all?—Inasmuch as there was a rite then practiced among the Jews, and applied, by special direction, to infants—about which there was some controversy as to the propriety of its continuance, and which was finally abolished or discontinued—does it come within the range of probabilities that *another* and a different rite should have been substituted for the ancient one—or even instituted and brought into general use and *no one of the apostolic writers should have have once mentioned the fact?* Admitting that church history bears credible testimony to the practice of infant baptism in the early days of the church, does it not bear equally credible testimony that numerous errors and corruptions crept into the practice and doctrines of the church during the same early period—and that the most abominable corruptions were practiced *in connexion with infant baptism*!—In an article in the Register of Oct. 11. 1846, entitled "Letters to a Pole" occurs the following—"The Unitarian congregationalists repudiate it" [Baptismal regeneration] "and it is difficult to say on what theory they baptize their children,"—What have we that clearly shows our "theory" in this thing! Believing it to be important that Christians should be able to give an intelligent reason for their *practice* as well as their "hope," I cannot but hope that these questions will lead to some discussion on the subject.

C. J.

Feb. 22. 1848.

For the Register.

HOW ARE WE REQUIRED TO BELIEVE IN CHRIST!

That the Bible requires a belief in Christ is undeniably true; but the kind of belief required, is a question yet to be settled. Whatever may be the difference of opinion with regard to this subject at present, one thing is certain,—the same kind of belief is required now, that was required more than eighteen hundred years ago. If Christ required a belief in his *Supreme Divinity then*, he requires it *now*. If he taught his immediate followers this doctrine, it is our duty to receive it. But this, so far as I can learn, he never did. He never asked his disciples to believe that he was "Very God." He required of them simply a belief in the Divinity of his mission. His prayer was that the world might *believe* that the *Father* had *sent* him. To prove this were his miracles wrought. The true design of all his labor, was to convince the world that he was appointed by the Father to convey a message of love to his erring children. He required them to believe in the relation which he sustained to the Father, that they might place confidence in his message. *He*, then, is a *true believer in Christ*, who receives him as the "Son of God." This belief is all that was required by the Saviour and his Apostles. Simon Peter's reply to the Saviour's question at Cesarea Phillippi, was simply this, "Thou art *the Christ*, the *Son* of the living *God*;" and he, to whom it was addressed, pronounced it a revelation from the Father. Nicodemus testifies to the same great truth in these words, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God." At Christ's transfiguration on the mount also, a voice was heard out of the cloud, saying, "This is *my beloved Son*, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." It was on the admission of this simple fact that the eunuch was baptized by Philip.

But the teachings of our Saviour and his disciples have in measure fallen into disrepute. The theology of the present day is widely at variance with the New Testament of the *Son of God*. Few are the churches now, that will accept the simple testimony given by Peter to Christ, or the Ethiopian lord to Philip. Yet notwithstanding the changes which have been made in the doctrines taught in the Holy Scriptures, let me still cling to the faith once delivered to the Saints. It was able to make them Christians, and it will do the same for those who sincerely embrace it now. I know indeed that the charge is brought by many professing Christians against many who believe that Jesus is the Son of God, but not God. This charge of denying Christ has become a mere cant phrase, and is as false, as it is unbecoming the character of one professing to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. He who utters or countenances it against one of the least of Christ's disciples, may at last be constrained to hear the unwelcome sentence, inasmuch as ye have wronged one of the least of *these*, my *disciples*, ye have wronged me. Vain is the attempt, when men resort to such means to destroy our Christian name and character. If they should succeed in blasting them in the sight of the world, they cannot in the sight of God.

F. H. B.

Meadville, Penn.

For the Register.

BOSTON SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.

We are glad to perceive that this excellent Association continues to pursue its course and extend its usefulness. A late Report has been published by the Government of the Society, embracing the Act of Incorporation, Constitution, &c. The Report closes with extracts from a late communication of the Agent to the Board. We select a few passages of general interest and great value:—

At the regular meeting of the Society, on the first Monday in January, 1848, the Agent reported that the whole number of applicants at the office, since the 1st of October, had been 988; or 105 Americans, and 883 Foreigners. Of these, 72 were 15 years of age or under. He had supplied with places 652 of them, viz: 72 Americans, and 580 Foreigners; 38 being 15 years of age or under. Of the places, 358 were in the City, and 294 in the Country.

Reference Tickets were ordered to be issued to the subscribers and friends of the Society.

The following particulars, without the names of individuals, whose feelings we should be unwilling to run any risk of hurting, may show in what mode it is hoped that the office may be of public service:

Mary ——. Orphan; sent to a family in the country.

Jane ——. Widow, and child, 8 years old; to a place in the country.

Ellen ——. Very destitute; got her employment in city.

Hannah ——. Entirely destitute—without home or friends; place in the city.

Hannah ——. Very poor—18 years of age; place in Boston for board and clothes, and promise of advance.

Mary Ann ——. Too rude to stay in city—14 years old; to a family in the country.

Bridget ——. Just escaped, with her clothes alone, from a wreck; to a family in the country.

William ——. Family in great need; directed to one of the Ministers at Large.

Margaret ——. Emigrant—sold her clothes to pay for lodging; to a place in the country.

Eliza ——. A stranger—no money, no friends, no home; to the house in Albany Street.

Rosa ——. Very destitute—with a note from her priest; to a family in the country.

Ellen ——. Orphan—15 years old, very poor; to a place in the country where she will be treated as one of the family.

Mary ——. With her son six years old—thrown upon the world by her husband's severity; to place in country as a housekeeper.

Alice ——. With a very pitiable story; referred to a Visiter who detects her imposition.

Ellen ——. Husband sick—child six weeks old to Benevolent Societies.

Margaret ——. 20 years old, orphan—slept on a wharf the first night in Boston; to place in city.

Jane ——. Widow—2 little children, begs wood; to Overseer of Poor.

Sarah ——. With child 9 years old—been intemperate; place in city.

Two Sisters. Just landed—very poor; place together in country.

These have all occurred within a few weeks and were directed to the office by individuals who had met them accidentally. In every case, we believe, where they were provided with the means of subsistence, it was in families of the highest excellence. Without this office, they might still be in want, misery, beggary, or circumstances of the greatest exposure.

The Government of the Society are grateful to the Divine Providence that has hitherto directed their steps. They would persevere with all humility and faith.

They are grateful, too, to their earthly friends, and would enter upon a wider field of duties and endeavors with the fullest assurance of all reasonable sympathy and support. They would repeat their own words on a previous occasion:

"We believe that *preventive* measures are better than *remedial*. We think that we have, to a great extent, an unoccupied field for usefulness. We hope to do something for the benefit of those who are already paupers, or occasionally have their names enrolled in the pauper-list, by directing them to proper employment, encouraging them in habits of industry, sobriety, and economy, and to a reliance on their own efforts, rather than on eleemosynary aid. We hope to do more, by the same means, for friendless strangers in the city, and for such as are on the verge of pauperism. But our greater hope is to do good for the morally exposed children of the poor and unfortunate,—children that are not in school or any regular employment,—perhaps strolling idly about the streets and wharves, learning deceptive arts, practising beggary and petty theft, fitting for a life of dependence and crime. Some of these must necessarily be disposed of for a time in the various institutions established by public beneficence for the support, education and reformation of poor, neglected, and wayward children and youth. But it is believed that a large proportion of them may be placed, with the consent of relatives, in good families in town and country, beyond the reach of the temptations and influences that lead to ruin, and without severely taxing public or private charity. Many juvenile delinquents may doubtless be saved from future infamy, by simply withdrawing them from unfavorable associations, and placing them in respectable families, where they will be trained to good habits.

It is not intended to resort to any harsh or coercive measures. While we intend to act efficiently to suppress beggary and imposition, we wish to act with kindness. This Society does not design to interfere with any existing civil organization, or associated plans of benevolence. Neither do we intend to operate with any reference to sectarian or party motives. Our object is to do good to the poor and friendless; not to build up, or pull down, any sect or denomination.

The principles and designs of the Association have been approved by the Delegates of various Benevolent Societies in the City, who meet once a month at the office, and by many philanthropic and intelligent individuals. It is designed to make the Reference Office a place of general information for the poor and friendless—where they may be pointed to particular employment suited to their capacity and wants—encouraged in good habits; where they may receive useful hints in domestic economy; and where those in absolute need of pecuniary relief may be directed to appropriate charities. And it is hoped that benevolent individuals, and all who take an interest in the best good of the community, will visit the office and afford the Agent such information and suggestions as may promote the objects of the Association. Especially are all persons, who can aid the poor by furnishing employment for adults and children, invited to call. A registry will be kept of children wanting places, and of persons wishing to take boys and girls to bring up. Funds will be required only to support the Agent and pay the expenses of the Office. *Tickets* will be furnished to be given to applicants for charitable aid, referring them to the Office. A record of each case referred will be made, and all due attention given to it by the Agent or some visiter of the poor.

Our success in this effort to benefit a numerous and interesting class must depend, under the Father of all, on the degree of interest and favor bestowed on the undertaking by an intelligent and benevolent community. We would therefore invite attention to the movements and purposes of our Association.

PROTESTANT AND PAPAL SCHOOLS.

[Rev. Mr. Clark, an Orthodox minister of Portsmouth, N. H., published some months since, a statement showing the superiority of the Papal Schools in the West, even in the most intelligent portions of it, as Ky., both in numbers and character, over the Protestant. Professor Stowe of Ohio also wrote a letter sustaining the views of Mr. C. The matter has been considerably discussed. The following letter from a distinguished Baptist minister in Kentucky, who was four years superintendent of public institutions in that State, would seem decisive of the matter in question. The exaggerated statements of Catholic influence, and the spread of Popery at the West, are often an effectual, though mistaken policy for the collection of dollars and cents to support Orthodox missions and education.]

LEXINGTON, KY., Feb. 5, 1848.

My Dear Brother,—It has long been a matter of astonishment to me, that many eastern writers who have taken upon themselves to write about the West, should be grossly ignorant of their subject.

It is by no means strange, that such bad sectional feelings should be excited between the North and South and West, when persons write and publish to the world as facts, things that have no existence at all, save in the heated imagination of narrators of these facts. For I cannot bring myself to believe, that most of the eastern writers could be induced to publish to the world palpable falsehoods. But they are not inexcusable, when by diligent inquiry the truth might be had.

You ask my opinion as to the character of female seminaries in Kentucky, under the patronage of Protestants, compared with those under the patronage of Roman Catholics. North of the Kentucky River there are four Catholic. In Lexington, they have a school for girls, heretofore taught in a very poor frame house, but they are now erecting a very commodious brick edifice. The school I never heard to be above mediocrity. It is true some Protestants patronize it. Not that I believe, or they either, that the school is better or even as good as the three or four Protestant schools in this city. But because in all communities in this country, some are found, who judge of the qualifications of teachers by dollars and cents. Hence with such, the best teacher is the cheapest.

I have, during the last four years, visited and lectured in nearly all the counties in the state; and there are good female seminaries (many of which I call of a high order) scattered all over the state. Whether these all compare with female institutions East, I know not. In Maysville, a year or two since, they had a female school conducted on such principles as to secure the patronage of that enlightened community. In Georgetown, there has been for ten years a female school conducted by a graduate of West Point, averaging during that time over 100 girls, and another for two years past by a graduate of a New England College, averaging about 70. In Lexington, last year, there were four female schools in successful operation, each with a minister of the gospel as principal. In Versailles, there were taught two female schools last year by two ministers of the gospel, both universally qualified to teach, both of which had their seminaries well filled. Three miles from Frankfort has been taught for many years a female seminary, whose facilities for improvement are inferior to few if any East. When I visited that institution last, the principal told me, his astronomical and philosophical apparatus had cost him about $10,000. In Frankfort there is an excellent school. In Winchester, in Mount Sterling, &c. &c. are most excellent female institutions. In the middle of the state and south of Green River, there are many excellent schools.

There are about 170,000 children in the state between 5 and 16 years of age. In, say 33 counties, private schools are general, and in which I have no doubt 7-10ths of the children go to school. In 33 more there is a diminution of this rate of 1-7th, and in the most mountainous counties the population is very sparse, and the means of instruction very limited. I have never seen the Legislature document alluded to. If it exists, I have no doubt it is incorrect.

Lastly, you wish to know my opinion whether education is retrograding in the West. As to the West generally, I cannot speak from actual observation. But as to Kentucky I can. My unhesitating opinion is, that education is on the advance, and particularly female education. I hazard nothing in saying, that female education has increased ten per cent. in the last ten years, and that Protestants have from six to ten female seminaries where the Catholics have one, and on an average equally good.

With sentiments of respect,
I am, dear brother, yours,
R. T. DILLARD.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

It demands no great sagacity to see that the last three or four years have witnessed an important change in the views and tone of feeling of a large portion of the American people. England felt reproached, when taunted by Napoleon as a "nation of shopkeepers." We thought it no reproach that the character of a nation of shrewd traders was awarded us. We were rather proud to be thus spoken of a few years ago. We thought it to our credit rather than otherwise to be regarded as a people intent upon practical and profitable pursuits at home, pursuing with unremitting and unwearied ardor the homely but honorable task of building up fortune and reputation by peaceful industry and enterprise. Tilling the soil, working the mines, moulding into new, valuable and useful forms the raw material in our hands; trading with all nations, and coping with the chiefest of them in energy, skill, and fair competition—these, and the like of these, were our chosen pursuits. Like a young eagle, instinct with life and joy, in its flight towards the sun, this youthful and buoyant nation sprung forward in its career of greatness with conscious strength and honest pride, anticipating and seeking unattained heights of prosperity and honor.

We were proud of our honest yeomanry; as we pointed to them felling forests and calling forth, as if by magic, from the bosom of the earth, the waving crops that were to fill the granaries of the world. We were proud of our mechanics, of their skill, industry, and beautiful handiwork. We rejoiced in our commercial marine and our hardy navigators, who contested the supremacy of the seas with England, and whitened every ocean with American canvas and penetrated every nook with the stars and stripes.

But all this has become stale and distasteful to the present public temper. We have become enamored with military glory and the feverish dreams of conquest, and our hands are stretched forth to grasp the patrimony of our neighbors, as if our own broad fields and teeming acres and boundless resources had grown contemptible in our eyes. And, in this new and bewildering chase, all our old notions of economy, prudence and profit, have vanished, and a hundred millions of treasure and ten thousand lives are laid down, without misgiving or hesitation, to pay the cost of our new ambition. We are suddenly seized with the desire of celebrity as a warrior nation, and are tickled with the slightest European tribute to the prowess of our arms and the brilliancy of our campaigns.

We are proud now, not of our yeomanry, our artizans, our marine, our sailors, our merchants, but of our columns, our regiments, our batteries—the thunder of our artillery and the smoke and storm of battle. The cry is, give us more regiments and spare us more treasure—let any and every interest suffer—let commerce languish, let agriculture and manufactures stand still—but "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," that the measure of our country's glory may be full.

Patriotism—heaven save the mark!—is the name of this new spirit of war and conquest! But how profoundly deceived must the judgment which baptizes with the name of patriotism a policy which consumes the country, exhausts its wealth, arrests its prosperity, and trails in the dust the trophies of fifty years of peaceful and honorable toil. [Mercantile Times

EDUCATION IN MASSACHUSETTS—AND HON. HORACE MANN.

We should not perform our duty did we omit all mention of the movements recently made in this state for the improvement of popular education. The condition of our public schools in 1836 and for some years previous, is well known. The state raised annually less than $400,000 for educational purposes. There were no public seminaries for teachers; many of the teachers themselves were incompetent to a degree almost exceeding belief. Little interest was felt in the public education of the People, either by the mass of men or the classes most favored with culture and with wealth—the natural guardians of Society. A few noble men, generously feeling for the common good of mankind, formed the brilliant exception to the general and melancholy rule. By the efforts of a few men, the Board of Education was established, in 1837. At that time Horace Mann was President of the Massachusetts Senate, with a fair prospect of advancing in his political career. He had abundant talents; good men of all parties gave him their confidence. He was also a lawyer, with a reputation rapidly increasing, and a professional income of about $3,000 a year. Some one was needed to take the office of Secretary of the Board of Education, and toil for the common good of the people of Massachusetts. Mr. Mann accepted that arduous post. He gave up his chance of political preferment—so dazzling to the greedy aspirant for noisy fame; gave up his profession, with the certainty of wealth which it offered. He became Secretary of the Board of Education, with a pitiful salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, and the chance that even that would be reduced one half by a vote of the legislature in a year or two. He knew he must toil far harder than ever before, and that, too, with the certainty of being abused by each lazy and incompetent schoolmaster coveting a sleepy supervision of his work; by every demagogue who could get up the insane cry of "expense," and talk of the folly of Massachusetts paying fifteen hundred dollars for a man to look after the Common Schools; yes, by every sectarian bigot from Provincetown to Williamstown, who feared nothing so much as education wide spread amongst the people.—Such was the prospect. Many thought him a fool for taking the office, and some said so. But one good man, soaring far above the heads of his contemporaries, thanked him for his heroism, and bade him God speed. That man long since ceased to be mortal, and needs no praise of ours. A single guess would solve the mystery,—it was Dr. Channing.

The ends which could so easily have been foreseen soon came to pass. The penny-wisdom of the state was appealed to by the pound-foolishness thereof, and the talk was of the expense—the great cost of the Board of Education; fifteen hundred dollars in one year actually paid to the Secretary! Truly, the commonwealth was in danger. The demagogues, also, took their turn, attacking the Board and its Secretary, not with success, but not without effect. Sectarians were true to their ruthless craft, and raised the old cry of "Infidelity," and "church in danger," till the land rung again. But if the ears of the People tingled at that cry, we think other ears, also, smarted at the retort, and its echo loud and long. "Suspicions, political and

denominational, were excited and widely diffused;" "dark insinuations, imputing sinister and ulterior designs, were clandestinely circulated, and they worked longer and more efficiently for working beneath the surface." Even the schoolmasters, or a part of them, joined, also, in the battle, excited we know not whence or how, and fought with fierceness if not with science and with skill. Even now we fear the battle is not over.

The Normal Schools got established, a single man thereby doing much for education, that greatest charity; much in public, though as green a growth still marks the unseen windings of that same stream of private bounty flowing towards the same end.

By means of this movement—by the Board of Education, by the Normal Schools, and still more, as we think, by the able efforts of the Secretary, matters are rapidly getting mended; the Education of the People goes forward rapidly, and yet more certainly. Bigots are losing their influence; demagogues their power. But it is getting light. When the day dawns wild beasts lie down in their dens, and bats and owls are not seen nor heard. If we were asked for the man who in the last ten years has done the greatest service to his state, we should not hesitate to name the Secretary of the Board of Education, who will doubtless blame us for writing of him who hides himself behind his work. He has had the reward always given to such services,—not riches, and not rank, not honor,—but a Crown. Not a crown of gold or of laurel, by grateful men pressed upon an honored brow, but a CROWN OF THORNS, put there by quite other hands and for puposes somewhat unlike.

We cannot forbear saying a word on the causes which impede the public Education of the People amongst us. One is the Effect of Habit. It has never been the habit of any State to demand a wide culture of its citizens, or to use the public wealth for the public education. Said the present emperor of Austria, a few years ago, to the assembled students of the University of Vienna—"Austria wants not so much accomplished students as obedient subjects." The money which built Versailles and the Tuileries—what colleges and common schools might it not have founded. What sums are squandered by England, France, Prussia, the United States, on armies, navies, fortifications, which would easily educate those nations! True, a cannon speaks with a loud voice, yet a school-master can be heard the furthest. The hundred million dollars already spent, it is said, in the Mexican war, would found one hundred and twenty-five free colleges, each as costly as Harvard University,—Library, Professorships, Scientific School, and all. Yet nobody thinks it very strange that the public book-money and school-fund are taken to buy powder and ball!

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 18, 1848.

THE PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.—MIRACLES.

In the miraculous works performed by our Savior, such as giving sight to the blind, restoring reason to the insane, healing the diseased, making the maimed whole, and feeding the multitudes with bread, he led the way for his disciples to follow. They were good works, and he "came to purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

On one occasion, when speaking of the wonderful works he himself had done, he made use of very remarkable language in respect to those his disciples should perform. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." There have been no works performed by any disciple since our Savior's ascension, worthy to be compared with his in brilliancy or power as miracles. The gift of miracles was indeed shortly recalled, having subserved all that was needed, whether to confirm the truth of the message, or to rouse attention to it, or to exemplify the deeds of mercy and goodness which Christians should seek to perform. It was another reason why they should cease, that they began to be made an idol of; were coveted for the eclat of their performance; were the objects of ambitious pursuit; were gaining the ascendancy in value over spiritual gifts. Where then shall we look for the greater works to be performed by the disciple, agreeably to the promise of the Master! Has there been no such belief, as he made the condition of performing them?

For ourselves we think that our Savior, looking down the long reach of future time, and himself understanding the nature and the glory of his kingdom, beheld such good works as in our own age the spirit of his Gospel and the power of his religion are accomplishing through our Hospitals and Asylums, through our Reforms and Benevolent Associations. The instances in which our Savior gave sight to the blind while he was on earth, showed the miraculous power he received from the Father. But is not that a greater work still, in which hundreds who were born blind, are made able to read, and to engage in useful callings for self support! Is not that also a greater work in which hundreds of lunatics are restored to their right mind? In a word, are not our Asylums for the Blind, our Insane Asylums, and others, the fulfilment of that very prediction of our Savior, in which he declared that his own works should be surpassed by those of his disciples! Not that theirs is a glory superior to his, though the glory of the works is greater; for the very power to perform the works comes through him—they are HIS works still; his Spirit prompts and executes them. The blind man sitting by the way-side, or upon some threshold,—helpless, begging; the lunatic chained, or too violent to be confined by chains—this is the picture under Heathenism and under Judaism. There was no power in these religions to redeem them from their misery. The blind man no more a beggar—the insane clothed and in his right mind—is the picture under the mission of Jesus—accomplished at first indeed by his miraculous might, and in our own happier day by his spiritual power operating through our Perkins Institutions, or our Hartford and Worcester and McLean Asylums. To Christianity belong these trophies, to Christianity alone—the later as well as the earlier trophies; those yet to come as well as the present and the past; the spiritual which excel in glory, as well as the miraculous and outwardly striking.

These reflections have been awakened by the Report which comes this year from the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. Its perusal, and indeed all the various Reports from our Philanthropic Institutions that have come before us, have deeply interested us. It contains the Report of the Trustees, and two Appendices from Dr. Howe. The former presents the statistics of the Institution, with valuable suggestions. The number of inmates for the year past has been one hundred and eleven. Sixteen have been discharged, and one has died—leaving ninety four.

The Remarks of Dr. Howe are on the character and capacity of the blind as a class, and on some of the causes of blindness. They are of the utmost practical importance, and with the results of the verience of other laborers in different spheres whether of Reform or Beneficence, they suest to us still higher trophies which Christian is to achieve. The Spirit of the Gospel who prompts to do good and to overcome evil, ges the pure heart, in the atmosphere of whicboth the best methods are devised to do goodand the causes of the existence of evil revealed. When by the light of the Gospel, the long hiden things of darkness shall be brought to light, the causes of the miseries under which the Gation has groaned and travailed in pain even till now,—when the remedy shall also be apped, then shall come a redemption of the humabody, which, if not the crowning redemption held up by an Apostle to stimulate the hope of Christians, is yet in the scope of the Gospel, and a result to which it looks and tends.

We close with a brief extract from Dr. Howe's Remarks, and urge the perusal of the whole Report.

"A clear understanding of this law of the transmission of diseased tendencies, both of body and mind, will do much towards banishing disease and suffering from among the children of men.

It will be seen that the wit of man cannot devise a way of escape from the penalty of a violated law of nature; that not a single debauch, not a single excess, not a single abuse of any animal propensity, ever was or ever can be committed without more or less evil consequences; that sins of this kind are not and cannot be forgiven. There may be those who will harden their hearts and stiffen their necks, and be willing to bide the consequences to themselves for the sake of the sensual pleasures. But there will appear in the far-off and shadowy future the beseeching forms of little children,—some halt, or lame, or blind, or deformed, or decrepit, crying, in speechless accents, "Forbear for our sakes." Then it shall be seen, that many a mother is responsible for the pride, the vanity, the lust of her daughter; that many a father is as guilty of the death of his son upon the gallows as though he twisted the rope about his neck with his own hands.

Then many a woman will rouse herself to the stern duty of observance of every law of health, of abstinence from all luxury and all slothfulness, for the sake of those dear ones that may be born to her; and many a man will abandon sensual indulgences which he would have clung to through life but for fear of curaing his future offspring with hellish passions.

Then will some soar to such an exalted pitch of virtue, as to forego their dearest hopes, and resolutely keep aloof from any relations of life that might cause them to hand down bodily or mental infirmities upon the innocent ones of the coming generations.

Then will light be thrown upon the laws of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" from generation to generation, and the wisdom and goodness of God be made manifest even in them.

Then many a case of blindness, or deafness, or infirmity, instead of being looked upon as a mysterious dispensation of Providence, will be seen only the penalty of a violated law which was enacted in kindness and love.

Then the love of God to men will be manifested even in afflictions, and his praise will be perfected out of disease and suffering, as well as out of health and enjoyment.

Then it will be seen, that, if this world is a vale of tears, if it is full of deformity, and suffering, and sickness, and crime, it is man, and not God, that maketh it so.

THE COMING OF THE SON OF MAN.

In a recent number of the Christian Palladium, "D. M." argues that "Christ is yet to come literally, personally, and in like manner as he was seen to ascend."

In support of this opinion, Acts i. 11, is quoted, in which the angel assures the disciples, as they stand gazing up into heaven after the ascension of Jesus,—he "shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." As he ascended into heaven personally and visibly, it is urged by our brother M. that the phrase "in like manner" is proof that he will come again in the same visible, personal form. It is hardly sound reasoning to insist on such a phrase as the one in question. In the same chapter, the writer alluding to a previous Treatise of which he was the author, (the Gospel according to St. Luke,) observes that he had written "*of all* that Jesus began both to do and teach." Did Luke absolutely write concerning every thing that Jesus did and said previous to his ascension? And yet it would be just as proper to insist on this, as to attempt, from the phrase "in like manner," to prove that Jesus must again return in the personal form in which he ascended. For ourselves we think the prediction verified in part in the scenes of the day of Pentecost. The descent of the Spirit, attended with the visible appearance of the tongues like as of fire, was the coming of Christ—even as an Apostle said, "The Lord is that Spirit." It has been verified in every subsequent impulse under which his reign has advanced on earth, and is to receive a higher fulfilment in time to come.

A passage which is usually referred to as decisive that Christ spake of a coming now past, viz.: "There be some standing here which shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom,"—Matt. xvi. 28.—"D. M." does not so interpret. He thinks it cannot refer to the destruction of Jerusalem, as is commonly supposed, because "*some* means at least two or more;" but only one, viz., John, lived to see the destruction of Jerusalem.

It is not necessary to limit this "coming" to the destruction of Jerusalem. The sentiment of our Savior, we suppose, is this,—that some of his disciples should live to see the firm establishment and powerful progress of that kingdom which now seemed so feeble, and its prospects so dark. If he looked forward to the destruction of Jerusalem, while thus speaking, he contemplated it as one of the series of triumphs, and as the removal of an obstacle no longer to oppose the progress of Christianity. If it were, however, even the great and sole event in our Savior's eye at the time, we should find no difficulty in vindicating the use of the word "some," on the same ground on which we explain Matthew's declaration that the *thieves* reviled Jesus on the cross, when, as matter of fact, only *one* thief reviled him.

But "D. M." supposes that the promise of the sight of the Son of man coming in his kingdom was fulfilled six days afterward, when he took Peter, James and John to the Mount of Transfiguration. Does our brother M. find no difficulty in the mode of expression—"There be some who *shall not taste death*," &c.? Would Jesus make use of such a remarkable mode of expression to designate an event to take place only six days afterward? But if we interpret the prediction as commencing with the day of Pentecost, and rolling on toward its higher accomplishment, until, before the death of the last apostle, Christianity was securely established,—we see there is fulness of meaning, as well as impressiveness and propriety of language.

To our own view, the spiritual coming of Christ is invested with more glory than his personal, visible coming; and we feel that the doctrine of his visible coming is like the Jewish misapprehension of the meaning of the prophecies of the Old Testament.—Christ came on the day of Pentecost. He came in the conquest of his religion over the Paganism of the Roman world, as well as over Judaism. Christ comes like the footsteps of morning upon the earth; he comes wherever "on earth peace and good will" come. He comes in the power of Christianity to bind up the broken hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives; to comfort all that mourn; in a word, to redeem humanity from its sins and its sorrows. Compared with this spiritual glory, we say of the visible coming as Paul said of the visible glory of the Old Testament—that it "has no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth."

Whatever be our difference of views, we doubt not that our brother "M." will join us in the petition, and charitably consider it as fervently issuing from our heart as from his own, "Come Lord Jesus, Come quickly!" Thou to whom the Father hath given a name which is above every name, O Come! Come and take unto thyself the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, that having reconciled mankind to God by the power of thy Gospel, thou mayst give up the trust with the declaration, which coming first from the Cross, and echoing over the whole habitable world, returns to thy lips and is spoken once more, amid a universal burst of joy from the redeemed—"It is finished."

REVIVALS.

Most of the religious papers with which we exchange, report "revivals." It is very difficult to decide how much is exaggerated, and how much the wished-for religious revival is father to the thought. The accounts that find their way into the newspapers, and the comments of editors, are often more glowing than the state of things would justify. The following from the Boston Correspondent of the New York Evangelist, (March 9,) will justify what we have said:

"I hear of very many cases of "favorable indications," or of "somewhat increased attention," or of "a few young persons awakened," or of "a small number of hopeful conversions," in nearly every part of New England. In some towns there has been a general seriousness spread over the people, but these cases are rare. In a great many cases, where there are tokens for good among the young people, the complaint is that the church does not come up to the work. I do not remember a single case where it has been said that the body of the church had become earnestly engaged in the revival, holding up the ministers hands by their prayers, and co-operating in his labors, with a spirit that travails for souls. As a very general thing, where the interest has been considerable, it has seemed as if there was not "strength to bring forth."

The Correspondent adds, "I heard lately of a place in Franklin county, where there seems to be something like an old fashioned revival—where the presence of the Holy Spirit has healed divisions, removed difficulties, knit the hearts of brethren together in love, and made Christians of different denominations work and pray together in most cordial and happy unity. Oh, for many such!"

We join him in such a wish—only we would extend it further, that Christians of different denominations may not only be in cordial unity while laboring for the conversion of souls in what is technically called a revival, but dwell in unity permanently, and walk in love in the midst of daily duties, and seek eternal life through "a patient continuance in well doing."

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING EDUCATION AT THE WEST.

We learn from the Evangelist, that this Society, of which Gov. Slade is the Secretary, has issued its first annual Report; from which it appears that 34 female teachers have been introduced to the West under its patronage, who have already reported over 1100 pupils under their care. Of these pupils more than thirty, the Evangelist adds, "have become the hopeful subjects of divine grace; seventeen the past year, nearly all of whom have united with Evangelical Churches; and about the same number have been hopefully converted in one school the present year."

CHANCELLOR KENT.

This distinguished man has been claimed as a peculiar trophy of the Episcopal Church. A letter from the Rev. Dr. Stone of Brooklyn, N. Y., his son-in-law, appears in the "Churchman," in which that honor is disclaimed with singular candor and justice—and yet it is in harmony with that character for "simplicity and godly sincerity," which distinguished Dr. Stone while a resident in this city, and in which but few, if any clergymen, of whatever name surpass him.—

To the Editor of the Protestant Churchman:
Brooklyn, Feb. 16, 1848.

REV. AND DEAR SIR.—In your paper of the 12th inst., I notice an article, quoted from the Christian Witness, in which it was stated that the late "Chancellor Kent was a *professor* of religion among the Presbyterians, and very recently a communicant in the *Episcopal* Church."

The article is headed in your paper with the remark, that "the Church loses nothing by the most searching investigation of her *principles* from candid Christians of other denominations;" and that "the correctness of this assertion is verified" by the case of Chancellor K., and that of other distinguished men.

It is due to the cause of *truth* to say that, in the above statement and remarks, an assertion is made, and an inference suggested, which ought not to go uncontradicted. Chancellor Kent was never a professor of religion among the Presbyterians. It is true, indeed, that, during his last illness, he once received the Lord's Supper at the hands of his son-in-law, a minister in the Episcopal Church; but the suggested inference that he did so because "*the principles*" of this Church had received from him a "searching investigation," and a consequent adoption, is unfounded. His reception of the Lord's Supper was preceded by the express declaration, that so far as Church principles were concerned, he was not an Episcopalian, but a Congregationalist; and that he joined our Church, not as distinctively Episcopal, but as a branch of the true Church of Christ. His desire in asking the privilege of our communion, was to leave in the world his testimony—not to the claims of Episcopacy, but—to the faith of the gospel.

It is important to give these corrections, because if anything be said on such a case, it is eminently desirable to speak in accordance with exact truth. J. S. S.

HON. HENRY WHEATON.

The death of this gentleman will send grief into the hearts of the friends of learning and religion, and into the walks of both public and private life, in Europe as well as in his native country. He died in Dorchester, Mass., having been removed to Dr. Jarvis' house from the Tremont Hotel, where we have already recorded his being taken ill. His disease was of the brain. He was born in Providence, November 1785. In 1827 he was appointed by John Quincy Adams Charged d'Affaires to Copenhagen. In 1836 he was transferred to Berlin, and, the year after was raised to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary. In Prussia his services were long and eminent. He stood confessedly at the head of American diplomacy. Among the friends who esteemed him, were the King of Prussia, the King of the French, Prince Metternich, Baron Humboldt, and M. Guizot. On his return home, he accepted the Chair of Professor of International Law in Harvard University, and was about to commence upon the duties of the appointment when he was attacked with the illness which resulted in his death on Saturday evening, March 11.

We add, from the Providence Journal of March 10, the following remarks from a recent Prussian Review, on Mr. Wheaton's Phi Beta Kappa Oration, delivered last year. Is is a highly honorable testimonial to Mr. Wheaton, which he lived not to hear, but which we now offer as a eulogy over his grave.

"That there exists in America a sincere wish to spread the knowledge of German life and culture, we find proof in the above mentioned oration, held before a learned assembly in his native town, by a man who, during a long residence in this place had won our affection and respect by his simplicity of character, by his high moral sense, and his extensive knowledge. We refer to Henry Wheaton, well known in the learned and political world by his "*Elements of International law*" a *Sketch of the Law of Nations from the Peace of Westphalia*, a *Pamphlet on the Right of Search*, and a "*History of the Northmen*." All these works show the profound inquirer, the accomplished statesman, the acute urist, and above all, the philosopher, who is capable of taking an enlarged view of things, an discovering the connecting link between cause and effect. The last mentioned quality is perceptible in this discourse on Germany. Although on some points we do not agree with Mr. W., and are inclined to attribute a higher meaning and deeper causes to German philosophy and our present religious movement, we cannot but acknowledge the justice of his general conception of our condition and particularly of our historical development, and we rejoice to find that our national character, our culture, and our progress should be presented in their true light to the people of America."

[The following interesting correspondence has been obligingly sent us for publication.]

For the Register.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN BRIDGEWATER, ENGLAND, AND BRIDGEWATER, UNITED STATES.

To the Superintendents and Teachers of the Sunday School connected with the First Congregational Church, East Bridgewater, Mass. U. S.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—We presume from what has been said by Elihu Burritt, our much esteemed friend of America, that you are willing to correspond with us, the Superintendents and Teachers of the Congregational Church Sunday School, Bridgewater, Somerset, Old England.

We are glad to receive this information, feeling assured that your correspondence will tend much to promote the interest of our Sunday School. Also, it will help to keep up and increase the friendly feeling that now exists between the people of England and America which is so necessary to be kept in lively exercise to preserve us from contention and the spirit of strife; consequently, from the horrors of war.

"Ah! fatal war! thy unrelenting hand
Spreads devastation throughout all the land;
Nor word, nor thought, nor language can express
The scene of horror, misery, and distress,
Thy dreadful sway inflicts on hapless man,
Thou fell disturber of each peaceful clan."

War is the curse of Nations generally, and it would be particularly so, if it should be declared between the English and the Americans.

"O shame to man! devil with devil damned,
Firm concord holds; men only disagree."

It is with much pleasure we congratulate you as the honored servants of our Lord who are laboring to hasten on the blessed period of time, when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." We propose in this short address, briefly to speak of the origin, progress, and present state of our Sunday School.

I. The origin.

Our Sunday School was first opened in October, 1815, by the Rev. Joseph Corp, who was one of the most diligent, self-denying, and successful teachers of Sunday Schools. He was eminent for faith and good works; in labor he was unbounded, and his works praise him in the gates; consecrating his talents to the Cross, and sanctifying them by the Cross, he became extensively useful. Such was the high standard of his piety, his disinterested benevolence, his well directed zeal, and untiring perseverance in the cause of Christ among the young in and around this town, that his name was and is spoken with reverence, even by the people of the world, and though he is now dead, he yet speaketh, for his scholars remember him with tears of affection. "The memory of the just is blessed."

II. The progress.

In consequence of the low state of vital piety in the town in 1815, the number of children in attendance was few at first, but Mr. Corp did not "despise the day of small things," and they gradually increased until a flourishing school was established. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." The Rev. Joseph Corp, Evan James, John Bishop, and Robert Panks have successively had the Pastoral oversight of the School, and it has continued to prosper under their fostering care. Many immortal souls have here been taught the way that leads to Heaven. Some are now burning and shining lights in the Church militant, and others have entered the Church triumphant. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

III. The present state.

The present state of our Sunday School is very encouraging; we have about forty teachers, three adult classes and two hundred and thirty children, and there is reason to believe that God is with us, and that to bless our labors more than he has heretofore. One or two scholars who have lately departed this life, have blessed God that they were taught in our Sunday School. We hope there are many young persons among us, who love the Lord, his people and his word, who have not yet called themselves by the name of Jacob, and subscribed their hand unto the Lord, or have been surnamed by the name of Israel. We trust that God will according to his promise, "pour His spirit upon our seed, and His blessing upon our offspring, then they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses." O that we as Teachers may be faithful to our duty, patient when tried with stubborn, obstinate children, and above all, found much in prayer at the throne of grace.

If we go on our way bearing precious seed, though it be with weeping, doubtless we shall come again with joy bringing our sheaves with us, to the praise and glory of our Redeemer's name. It was our intention to have said a little on the importance of adult classes in connection with Sabbath Schools, but this we must leave for a future time.

Wishing your Church and Sabbath School fresh and permanent prosperity, we remain, dear Christian Friends,

Yours affectionately in the Lord Jesus.
(Signed,) JOHN JOSEPH.

In behalf of the Superintendents and Teachers Sion Chapel, Friarn Street, Bridgewater, Somerset, Old England.

To the Superintendents and Teachers of the Sunday School connected with the Congregational Church, Bridgewater, Somerset, Old England.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS. It was with feelings of much more than ordinary pleasure that we recently received the communication from your Sabbath School. We have been in a striking manner impressed anew with the sentiment that though a vast ocean rolls between us, yet we are closely united by the bonds of Christian sympathy. At this period, when the inventive genius of man brings into intimate connection the distant parts of the earth, seeming almost to "annihilate Time and Space," we more than ever feel that "our hearts and hopes are one." We joyfully welcome the opportunity now offered for a mutual exchange of thought upon subjects so near and dear to us both. May our Heavenly Father grant that these outward expressions of regard shall tend to quicken our love for that religion which is above all price, and prompt us to put forth greater efforts for the promulgation of the Gospel to every land and every soul.

You express to us the feeling that our correspondence must tend to allay, at least in some degree, the spirit of War. Our ardent prayer is that this may be one of the results of such an intercourse. Believing, as we do, that the religion of Jesus utterly forbids all war, and remembering the woes, which, in countless forms, this scourge has brought upon mankind, we shudder at the idea of another collision of arms between this nation and our mother country.

When we calmly consider the fact of two professedly Christian nations imbuing their hands in each other's blood, of Christian Ministers and the disciples of the forgiving Jesus, praying for the destruction of fellow-Christians, how does it become us to ask with fear and trembling whether many in imagined security, whether we ourselves have not, by our influence direct or indirect, helped to foster the war spirit. Can we say with the apostle, "I am pure from the blood of all men?" We deeply regret that England should make war upon the heathen inhabitants of India, and that our own nation should be at this moment engaged in deadly strife with a sister Republic. Firmly believing in the retribution of national as well as individual sins, we fear the consequences to both nations.—Strange indeed that the lesson which the Great Teacher gave to his pupils, should, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, be so imperfectly learned.

Our Sabbath School was organized in June, 1829. By the zealous efforts of Rev. Eliphalet P. Crafts, then Pastor of this Church, a respectable number of scholars was gathered into the school. At that time, in our immediate vicinity few Sabbath Schools had been opened. But, though this method of instruction was new, the teachers entered into the work with a hearty good will.—Mr. Crafts remained pastor here till 1836. For a few successive years several different Clergymen ministered at our altar, none however being permanently settled. But despite the frequent changes of clergymen, the ardor of neither teachers nor pupils was abated, and the school continued in successful operation. Our present Pastor, Rev. Nathaniel Whitman, was installed in 1844.

Our population is scattered. There are several small villages within the limits of the town, near the principal one of which, stands our ancient church. Notwithstanding the distance which many must necessarily come, our Sabbath School is well attended. Whatever the weather may be, we consider it best that the School should be opened every Sabbath in the year to such as are able to attend. The number of pupils at the present time is one hundred and sixty with twenty-five teachers.

We feel assured that our School has been already productive of great good; that there has been a silent, gradual, but sure advancement in spiritual things. However, we trust that through the grace of God, the benefit already felt from the Sunday School system is only the precursor of still greater attainments. The Work before us is vast, "and who is sufficient for these things?" Though we are obliged to lament that there is no more earnest attention to religion; though "the ways of Zion mourn because so few come to her solemn feasts," yet we are permitted to take courage.

Religious education is, emphatically, home work. What we do, we wish may be in aid of Parental Instruction and of the Pulpit. In order to improve as teachers, it is our usual practice to meet once in a week for the study of the Scriptures, and for mutual counsel and sympathy, generally at the house of our pastor, who, in his faithful ministrations, is ever ready to assist us.

You intimate that you will at some future time state to us your ideas of Adult Classes. We shall gladly listened to remarks on a subject which appears to us of so much importance. We have commenced classes of young men and young women whose interest in religion, we trust, will lead them to remain as long as possible with the Sabbath School; and we hope to see the day when a thorough system of religious instruction shall be pursued in all our Sabbath Schools, from the simplest elements to all that tends to adorn and perfect the Christian character.

With the ardent hope that we all may as Teachers truly magnify our office, keeping in view the promise that they "who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever," we close with the prayer that the richest of Heaven's blessings may rest upon you.

(Signed,) WILLIAM ALLEN.

In behalf of the Superintendents and Teachers of the Sabbath School, First Congregational Society, East Bridgewater, Massachusetts, New England.

February 28th, 1848.

For the Register.

THE SOCIETY IN THE TRINITY.

The last Doctrinal Lecture at the Old South, by Rev. Dr. Beecher, maintained substantially the Unitarian view of Regeneration—that it was a restoration to the love of God—an establishment of communion with him—an effect produced by the Holy Spirit, acting through the Scriptures, the Ministry, Providence, &c.

There was nothing strange or startling in any part of the discourse—the surprise was rather that the train of thought was so essentially common-place, and yet the preacher acted as if he was putting down all kinds of opponents, and all sorts of theories.

But, what was striking in connection with the complaint that Unitarians have not recognized the modern distinction made by the Orthodox between "being and person," was, that Dr. Beecher four times alluded to the Trinity in terms like these—"joy among the Divine persons of the Sacred Trinity." There was no attempt to qualify or explain these terms—they stood out in bold distinctness as matters admitted by all—they carried a far higher endorsement than an anonymous article in a partly-suspected Review. An eminent Orthodox theologian, in the midst of a band of ministering brethren, publishes them to the acceptance of an immense congregation, as the latest form of unquestionable Orthodoxy.

For the Register.

BUTLER'S HISTORY OF GROTON.

[History of the town of Groton, including Pepperell and Shirley, from the first grant of Groton Plantation in 1655; with Appendices, containing Family Registers, Town and State officers, Population and other statistics, by Caleb Butler.]

We have here another very valuable addition to the department of topographical history,—a field of inquiry and research, which holds out many attractions to the Antiquary and Genealogist, and which has been more thoroughly explored in our day, than ever it was before.

Works of this kind have something more than a local interest and value. By collecting and preserving important records and documents, in which the "dens edax temporis" is rapidly doing its work, by rescuing from oblivion incidents, traditions, biographical reminiscences, curious in themselves, and illustrative of the spirit of the times,—by fixing, as it were, and rendering permanent the features of a by-gone age, they do not a little, to enlarge and enrich our historical resources. Nor is this all—They possess an interest of no ordinary kind for the student of human nature. They show him life, under aspects and phases, which it does not now wear. They introduce him to a state of society, rude indeed but rich in its earnest and manly spirit, in which simple manners, frugal habits, hardy enterprise, and adventurous daring, were marked and prominent traits. They give him back the picture of those times, which tried men's manhood, when an unbroken forest stood around the early settler, when the wolf and the savage were his next door neighbors, prowling about his path by day and rendering night hideous. They reproduce, in short, the spirit of the past, cause it to move before us, in solemn majesty, to reveal to us its characteristics,—all its moral and psychological idiosyncrasies.

Much of what we have now described has been done, and done with discrimination and good taste, by the author of the work before us. He has restored many a half obliterated record; he has wiped the dust from many a faded tradition, and relentlessly expunged the mythical embellishments which time had woven around it. Like old mortality, he has chiseled out many a monumental inscription, which the moss had over-grown, reviving the names and memories of the long departed. He has done more than this—He has made us acquainted with the men of other times—their hardships, privations, trials—their sentiments, opinions, modes of thought, and habits of feeling,—the whole of their outward and inward life. The information which his history affords, its statistics, local descriptions, and genealogical sketches though not destitute of interest for others, must be highly prized by those for whose benefit it was written, the immediate inhabitants of Groton, and also by those who themselves, or through their ancestors, have been connected with the families, incidents, and scenes, which he notices.

Mr. Butler has executed his great work with remarkable accuracy and fidelity. It has been to him a labor of love. He has spared no pains in collecting documents, collating authorities, sifting facts, and separating the authentic from the fabulous. He has been so vigorously honest in this sifting process, that he has thrown away we perceive among the chaff, two or three quite characteristic anecdotes, and traditionary stories, which we are sorry to miss; for fiction is sometimes truer than veritable history.—Mr. Butler has used his ample materials with much skill, and though his history is one of the most elaborate and successful works of the kind we have ever seen, yet it has in our estimation, one fault. It has too much antiquarianism about it. It has more from old worm-eaten records, and less from his own fresh and graphic pen, than we should have been glad to see—We were going to complain of its length till we recollected that Groton is the mother of towns, and that the mother and daughters are here grouped together in the same picture.

Still we cannot help thinking that if all the towns in New-England should imitate the example of Groton, and get up a history about themselves, with the same particularity and fullness, the world itself could not contain the books which *might be* written.

Medfield. C. R.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Honor to whom honor." This is the title of a tribute to the memory of the Hon. John Q. Adams—by Rev. Dr. Sharp.

We have here a just and cordial tribute from an eminent Christian minister of the Baptist denomination. It is written with his characteristic purity of style and strength of feeling; and breathes throughout, the wide, catholic and enlightened benevolence for which this aged servant of Christ is distinguished. He dwells with peculiar force on the value of maternal instruction and the importance of early Christian culture. We honor the author for this expression of his views on a most important point; knowing that his judgment will be honored by all who read this discriminating and manly discourse. R.

Evidences of the Power of Small Doses and Attenuated Medicines, including a Theory of Potentization. A Discourse before the N. Y. Homœopathic Society, March 9, 1847. By B. F. Joslin, M. D.

This pamphlet is printed at Nashua, N. H. and can be found at the room of Otis Clapp, 12 School street., where the inquirer can obtain it, and take it in large or small doses as he shall be able, or shall prefer. We should perhaps trench on forbidden ground, if without a diploma we were to criticise it. And in the present case, as we are pressed for time, we very willingly forego the honor of the diploma for the sake of being lawfully released from the duty of criticism.

The Christian Review No. XLIX. March, 1848. Rev. S. F. Smith, Editor.

We can only give the Contents—which are, I. Eminent Personal Religion essential to Ministerial Success. II. Rural Cemeteries. III. Genuineness of 1 John v. 7, 8. IV. Gibbon, V. Payson. VI. English History. VII. Sibylline Oracles. VIII. Remarks on Colleges. IX. Robbins' edition of the Memorabilia. X. Webster's Dictionary. XI. Literary Notices. XII. Literary Intelligence.

We would simply remark that the Article on 1 John v. 7, 8, decides *against* the genuineness of the passage. It is a lucid paper, and the considerations are weighed with great deliberation and fairness.

Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Hon. John Quincy Adams, delivered in the Rowe Street Baptist Church, Feb. 7, 1848. By William Hague, Pastor of the Church. Tickner & Co.

Mr. Hague's discourse is spirited, felicitous, written not as a task, nor as a mere improvement of the occasion, but as a labor of hearty love and admiration of the distinguished man whom he commemorates.

A Sermon, preached at the Dedication of the Church belonging to the Free Christian Congregation of Elgin, Kane Co., Ill. By William Adam, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Chicago.

This is an able, appropriate discourse, chiefly on the "One God and Father." Mr. Adam remarks that he wishes to be understood as expressing his own sentiments; which he does with all frankness. He adds his belief that he does not differ from the majority, if from any, of his Unitarian, Universalist, or Christian brethren then present. On some of his topics, however, as on the doctrine of the future happiness of all men, we have supposed there is hardly one of the "Christians" who do not dissent from him, and many Unitarians certainly do.

Mr. Hosmer's Discourse on the Life and Character of John Quincy Adams.

This discourse is of a high order of Christian thought and eloquence. Mr. H. rises with the greatness of his subject, and preserves a uniform, sustained course of free, direct, just, and dignified speech.

The Public and Private History of the Popes of Rome, (268 in number.) From the Birth of Christ, and St. Peter the First Bishop of Rome, to Pope Pius IX., the present living Pope, including the History of Saints, Martyrs, Fathers of the Church, Religious Orders, Cardinals, Inquisitions, Schisms, and the Great Reformers. By Louis Marie De Cormenin. Translated from the French. Ten Volumes to be published complete in ten weekly parts every Saturday, at 25 cents a part.

We have received two numbers of this Work from Redding & Co. We are unable to speak of its merits at present. In the Translator's Preface, it is said to be the work of a Roman Catholic, who can see good out of the pale of his own Church, and will not slur over the vices and enormities of his own, but pourtrays faithfully Catholic bigotry, and fanaticism, and crime.

For the Register.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM C. SHAW OF BALTIMORE.

We have waited, perhaps too long, hoping and expecting that some one, more intimately acquainted than ourselves with the late William C. Shaw of Baltimore, would furnish the columns of the Register with something more than the bare mention of his death. Disclaiming the idea of being governed by any slavish, superstitious regard for mere custom, in these matters, or any of the superficial and sanctimonious views of the worldly in relation to them, we still cannot help recalling those old words of Holy writ as words that have not yet lost all their truth or their timeliness: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." At the same time we deeply feel that the non-appearance of prominent remark upon a departed christian may be more eloquent and appropriate than many words, and we apprehend, judging from our own feelings, that this, in great part, accounts for the silence of this paper in regard to the taking away of so excellent a man, so firm and faithful a Christian, and so steady a friend of the Unitarian faith. The truth is, when one of such a quiet, consistent, working goodness quietly passes home to his reward, we feel an instinctive fear of doing something unsuitable to his memory in printing his praise; *so* feel that to all who knew him our words will be weak and tame, and to those who knew him not, either unnecessary or extravagant, or ceremonious. It is not the object, however, of this notice to record the merits or to describe the character of our departed friend, which, we trust, will yet be done by those who were familiar with the history of his life, but rather simply to say how peculiarly we were impressed with the circumstances of his death. Seldom, we had almost said never, has it been our lot to be present (as we have in the spirit been carried back and made to be present in this case) at such a beautiful and blessed leave-taking of life and of the living. We should be glad to give exactly as we have received the particulars of the scene, did we not feel that we should be invading the rights of private friendship and domestic affection. Well might one who so died say that he thought he could repeat in all humility to his children, "It is expedient for you that I go away." Precious as was the life, could such a close of it be felt to be less precious? Can the friends and kindred who witnessed it help realizing, when time and thought, and faith, and hope, have exalted their sorrow, that better is the day of such an one's death, than the day of his birth? But the day of his death is the day of his higher birth into the clear life of the Spirit. What a benediction comes from such a dying hour, from such calm, cheerful, disinterested words of husband, father, brother, so perfectly harmonizing in the very neighborhood of the eternal world, the tenderness of earthly regard with the solemn sense of religious realities—a benediction to be remembered and felt forever by that privileged circle! Buckminster says, that "from a sick bed it is impossible to look down on any one;" we have often felt that to him who lies on the dying bed we instinctively look up as to one who can teach us with superhuman power how to estimate life and death and eternity. We feel humbled and exalted and blessed in such a presence, and

Where Sorrow comes and sits an Angel guest
Among the fire-side circle—oh how blest
That home—that hearth—beyond the power to bless
Of all this giddy world calls happiness!
With Sorrow—Patience, Peace, Submission come
To grace the inmates of that stricken home.
Though clouded many a hope of earthly years,
Heaven's rainbow smiles through Memory's glist'ning tears.
God sets his bow of promise in the sky,
The Soul's triumphal arch, that passed on high,
And ev'n the pillow where the dying lay,
Beams like the gate-stone of eternal day.

THE FUNERAL OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The reception of Mr. Adams' remains in Boston, on Friday last, was embarrassed somewhat by the rainy weather, and the bad state of the streets. And yet the scene was very impressive, and the procession, though the civic part of it was dispensed with by the mayor, bore the appearance of a great pageant, as it passed along through the streets, lined with spectators, to Faneuil Hall. For ourselves, the mute eloquence of the closed doors and windows of the shops, and of the festoons of mourning hung in various places, impressed us in the morning more deeply than anything in the after part of the day; and emotions that swelled to the eye, and left their tremor on the lips, were felt then which "the pageant" failed to produce. What, however, impressed us less, may have impressed others more. We failed of the accomplishment of a very earnest wish of our heart, to gain an entrance into Faneuil Hall.

Mr. Adams' body, with the delegation accompanying it, reached the depot of the Worcester Rail-road about 2 o'clock. There they met the deputation of the Legislature, and Municipal authorities, whom Hon. Mr. Tallmadge, of the Congressional delegation, addressed as follows:

"*Mr. Chairman of the Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:*—The House of Representatives of the United States having selected a committee representing every portion of the Union, charged them with the especial duty of accompanying the remains of Mr. Adams to the place of their interment. In the execution of this duty the committee left the city of Washington on Monday last and have now arrived in your city. Throughout their journey there have been displayed manifestations of the highest admiration and respect for the memory of your late distinguished fellow citizen. In the large cities through which we expected to pass, we anticipated such demonstrations, but in every village and hamlet, at the humblest cottage which we passed, and from the laborers in the field, the same profound respect for the deceased was testified by their uncovered heads. It now becomes my duty, as the organ of the committee, to surrender into your hands, as the representatives of Massachusetts, the illustrious dead. In performing this duty, I must be allowed to say, we have long known this venerable man in the hall of the House of Representatives. There we had listened to his words of wisdom, and caught from his lips the fire of patriotism, and while speaking to us, as it were, we have seen him stricken down in our midst. But I shall not attempt here to describe the emotions that we experienced, or the bereavement that we felt. Our personal bereavement is merged in the bereavement of the nation. The nation is clothed in the habiliments of woe. The nation is bereaved in his loss, and the nation mourns. It is now more than half a century since Massachusetts gave to the nation his pre-eminent talents, his patriotism and his virtues. You gave him to his country, and all that remains of that illustrious gift, we now return to you."

Hon. Mr. Buckingham, of the Legislature, returned the thanks of the Legislature and of the whole people of the Commonwealth, to Congress, through its Delegation, for the attentions shown to the deceased.

We copy from the Courier in further description of the scene.

The regiment of Light Infantry, to which is attached the company of National Lancers, was in waiting to perform escort duty. After this ceremony, the coffin was placed upon a hearse drawn by six black horses, and a procession was then formed, including the military, under command of Col. B. F. Edmands, the Committee of the Legislature and the Congressional Committee, with several gentlemen from other cities who have accompanied the remains of Mr. Adams from Washington, and the Chief Marshal of the city with his aids. All but the military were in carriages.

The Mayor and other members of the City Government, and members of the Legislature, were in attendance at Faneuil Hall, where the cortege arrived about four o'clock, after passing through the streets previously designated in the programme as published in the papers of the morning. Faneuil Hall was dressed in mourning, with streamers of black running from the centre of the dome to each column; the windows were closed with black curtains; the pictures, &c. were covered with crape; and black cloth was hung around the lower part of the galleries and down each pillar and column. The beak of the Eagle in the front gallery held a scroll on which was inscribed Mr. Adams's last words—"THIS IS THE LAST OF EARTH. I AM CONTENT." The pannels of the side galleries were inscribed with the titles of the offices which he has held under the government, from the time when at fourteen years of age he went to Russia as private Secretary to the Minister, to the day of his death, when he held the office of Member of Congress from Massachusetts. The pannels of the front gallery had inscribed on them—"Born a citizen of Massachusetts." "Died a citizen of the United States." And along the whole front underneath was the inscription—"*John Quincy Adams is the most valuable public character we have abroad, and the ablest of all our diplomatic corps.* GEORGE WASHINGTON, in 1797."

The galleries were filled with ladies, and the Light Infantry company of Mechanic Greys, under Capt. Smith, were on duty on the lower floor. As the Committees, with the coffin, entered the hall, a band performed a funeral dirge. The coffin was placed upon the platform in front of the desk, and after the hall was filled and silence restored, Mr. BUCKINGHAM, Chairman of the Committee of the Legislature, spoke as follows:—

"The solemn dirge whose sounds still vibrate in our ears—the funeral drapery that surrounds us, veiling the light of day—are significant of the Chamber of Death.

To-day the all-subduing King of Terrors rides forth in the majesty of his strength. To-day the inexorable tyrant holds his Court in this our boasted temple of Liberty, and here exhibits the trophy of his power.

The sickening, lurid gloom that pervades the atmosphere of this hall—sending its oppressive and subduing chill to every heart—tells us too truly of his awful, mysterious, invisible presence.

Conscious of that presence, I feel my inability to perform the service to which I have been appointed. The mournful message with which I am charged lingers on my lips.

In the name and in behalf of the Government and People of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose honored but humble servant I this day am, I consign to your faithful keeping, Mr. Mayor, the mortal remains of John Quincy Adams—all that was mortal of that venerable man, whose age and whose virtues had rendered him an object of intense interest and admiration to his country and to the world. We place these sacred remains in your possession, to be conveyed to their appointed home—to sleep in the sepulchre, and with the dust of his fathers.

His undying name and his imperishable virtues are inscribed on living tablets, that can never be lost. Let buoyant youth and vigorous manhood, and white-haired age study the inscription—imitate his example—emulate the graces of his character—and, like him, with unreluctant cheerfulness, obey the voice that calls from the labor of duty on earth, to the reward of that labor in heaven.

The voice of sorrow, which sends it echoes round the land, denotes the emphasis of a nation's grief for a nation's loss. From the depths of the soul the cry has gone forth, and deep answereth unto deep, Help, Lord: for the godly man ceaseth—the faithful fail from among the children of men.

Science, literature, philosophy, patriotism, religion—mourn the absence of a devoted disciple. Humanity, clad in sackcloth and sitting in ashes, refuses to be comforted, because her advocate is not.

But we grieve not for HIM. It is for ourselves that we weep. The calamities that afflict our nature, touch not HIM. He is no subject for lamentation and tears. He needs none of our sympathy.

"——Oh! 'tis well
With him; but who knows what the coming hour,
Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us?"

Mr. Mayor, my errand is done. My mission to you is ended.

And now, once loved, and still venerable, but lifeless Dust, farewell! If adventurous imagination may follow the disencumbered spirit, we behold it still pursuing its career of honor and glory! The splendid volumes of immortality are opened before it! Other worlds, lighted by other suns, adapted for the abodes of other modes and forms of being, court his fellowship, and attract his admiration. Stars and constellations, and systems, glowing with undiminished effulgence, though ages on ages have rolled over them, invite him to explore their mysterious movements, and to trace their harmonious relations. Press onward, Emancipated Spirit! press onward in the path that leads to the everlasting Fountain of Life, Intelligence and Truth! God Almighty speed thee on thy march of eternity!"

Mr. QUINCY replied as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN.—In behalf of the citizens of Boston, of every sect and every party, I accept the guardianship of the mortal part of our distinguished fellow citizens. The citizens of Boston, who seventy years ago thronged this hall and listened to the words that resulted in our revolution, have, we trust, welcomed what was immortal to the liberty of the sons of God.

There is something sublime in the scene that surrounds us. An honored son of Massachusetts—one who was educated by a signer of the Declaration of Independence—one who heard the thunders of the great struggle for liberty on yonder hill, has after a life of unparalleled usefulness and fidelity, fallen in the Capitol of the country he served.

The inscriptions that adorn these walls, remind us of the offices he held. Yonder testimony of the Father of his country, shows what was his youthful promise. The spontaneous feeling at this moment of a whole people, prove how that promise was redeemed.

His remains have been escorted here by delegates from every State in our Union. They have passed over spots ever memorable in history. They have everywhere been received with funeral honors. They have reposed in the Hall of Independence—they now lie in the Cradle of Liberty. It were presumption in me to anticipate what will here be said on the character and virtues of the departed,—on the high offices he held, and the great scenes in which he participated. But as a citizen of Massachusetts, I cannot but acknowledge our sense of the honors paid to her distinguished son. Mourned by a nation at its capital, attended by the representatives of millions to the grave, he has received a tribute to his memory unequalled among men.

And this is no mere pageant. The spots on which this bier rests on its journey to the grave, will not be marked by visible tokens—by the way side cross, inviting all to pray for the soul of the departed—but associations and recollections shall cluster there, inspiring the living with the spirit of the dead; and should the time ever come when distance and difference of interests shall seem for a moment to weaken the bonds of the union, we will remember that our sister States sympathized with us in our grief as readily as their fathers rushed to our assistance in peril.

These remains now rest in the Cradle of Liberty. It is their last resting place on their journey home. As a statesman's, "this is to them the last of earth"—to-morrow they will be deposited in the peaceful church-yard of the village of his birth, there to be mourned not as statesmen mourn for statesmen, but as friend mourns for friend.

He will be "gathered to his fathers," and how great in this case is the significance of the expression! It is possible that other men may be attended as he will be to the grave, but when again shall the tomb of a President of the United States open its doors to receive a son that has filled the same office?

Happily for us, in this country there are no hereditary honors. But as we shall stand before the simple monument erected by the filial piety of him who sleeps before us, and read that below slumber the remains of the second President of the United States, of one who, on the fourth of July, 1776 pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor, to the independence of his country,—who, in 1783, by signing the definite treaty of peace, redeemed that pledge, and who, after having witnessed the liberty of his country for fifty years, was summoned on the birth-day of the nation, to the "Independence of Immortality and the judgment of his God," will not the sternest republican allow that, in his case, hereditary worth gave a title to hereditary honors? The conclusion of that epitaph is the fittest inscription for his own grave:

From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn;
From fancy's dreams to active virtue turn;
Let freedom, friendship, faith thy soul engage,
And serve like these, thy county and thy age.

The Evening Journal of Saturday adds, "The ceremonies being concluded, it was announced that the public could have an opportunity of viewing the coffin containing the remains of Mr Adams, until 10 o'clock this forgnoon; a permission of which thousands have availed themselves."

The body remained in charge of the Mechanic Greys, of South Boston, until 7 o'clock last evening, at which time the City Guards, Capt. Thompson, relieved that company, and remained on duty during the night.

On the day following, the Remains of the Departed were borne to Quincy, to their final resting place. We copy from the Advertiser slightly abridged.

"On Saturday morning, the remains of Mr. ADAMS were taken from Faneuil Hall, at eleven o'clock, by the Mayor and Committee of Arrangements on the part of the city, and conveyed to the depot of the Old Colony Railroad. The procession was escorted by the Washington Light Guards, accompanied by Flagg's Brass Band, who played funeral dirges throughout the march, Roslin Castle being the air on starting from the hall, and the Dead March as the coffin entered the depot.

Immediately after the Guards came the hearse, drawn by six black horses with mourning caparisons.

After the funeral car came the Mayor and City Authorities in carriages, attended by a large detatchment of special police.

The streets through which the procession passed were lined with spectators, and there was an immense crowd at the depot, waiting the arrival of the cortege. The passenger station of the Railroad was hung in mourning, and the flagstaff bore the national ensign half mast. The Norfolk Guards, Capt. MERRIAM, were on duty here, and received the escort with due honor.

A new locomotive engine of great power, named JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, never yet run, except for a trial, was selected to convey the funeral train to Quincy, and it was accordingly covered with black cloth, as heavily as possible, and carried a staff with the American flag, wreathed in mourning. The cars of the train also were dressed in black.

The body was carried into the depot at twenty minutes before twelve o'clock, and placed in the car specially assigned for its reception. And then the Mayor, on behalf of the city of Boston, consigned the remains to the Committee of Arrangements of the town of Quincy, who were in attendance. He did this in a short but very appropriate speech, which was feelingly responded to by J. T. BURNELL, Esq., the chairman of the Quincy Committee.

At five minutes before twelve, the train started, having to pass through a double line of spectators, reaching as far as the draw of the bridge. At half-past twelve, it had arrived nearly opposite the mansion houses of the elder and younger ADAMS, where its speed was slackened, so that all might have an opportunity to view those buildings.

"In this train went down the Quincy Committee of Arrangements, the Selection of that town, the Chief Marshal of the day and his aids, the City Authorities of Boston, Cambridge, Roxbury, Charlestown and Salem—either entire, or represented by large Committees—the military escort, and a great number of citizens of Boston and its vicinity, to accommodate whom several additional cars were put on.

At Quincy an immense crowd had assembled, who received the funera escort in respectful silence, the male portion remaining uncovered while the procession was re-formed. The body was then conveyed, in a hearse drawn by a single horse, dressed in black, to the mansion of Mr. Adams, where it remained until the arrival of the next special train, carrying down the Congressional Committee, the Governor and Legislature of the State, and other public functionaries intending to participate in the ceremonies of the occasion.

The church in which the funeral services were to be performed was dressed in black, on the outside and inside, and from the flag staff near the town hall, there drooped the flag of the country, shrouded in the symbols of mourning. The galleries were filled with ladies, admitted at an early hour, but there were many more outside, unable to obtain entrance at all.

The procession marched to the house and an escort of the Washington Light Guards and Norfolk Guards—the band playing Pleyel's Hymn and minute guns for one hour fired by the artillery, beginning at the start from the House.

Arrived at the church, in which Mr. ADAMS had so long been a constant worshiper, the coffin was placed in front of the pulpit, directly under a black panel, bearing, in white letters, his own last words—"This is the last of earth."

During the entrance of the procession a solemn voluntary was played on the organ, and then a funeral hymn was sung by a choir of about fifty ladies and gentlemen.

The Rev. William P. Lunt, pastor of the church, next read an appropriate selection from Scripture, and made an affecting prayer. Then came the performance of a beautiful hymn, written by Mr. Adams, and after that a most eloquent and touching discourse was delivered by the officiating clergyman, from the text—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life"—Revelations, 11, 10. The preacher dwelt long upon the character and virtues of the illustrious deceased, giving many interesting details of his life and public services. And at the close he made a beautiful apostrophe to the Committe of Congress, which caused the tear to stand in many an eye. The discourse will be revised by the auhtor, and published officially.

This over, the services in the church were concluded by the performance of a funeral anthem, and then the body was carried by the Pall Bearers to the tomb prepared by Mr. Adams himself, as the resting place of his remains. Deposited therein it was viewed by the male relatives of the family, the authorities in attendance, and the citizens composing the procession, all of whom passed before the door of the tomb. This vault has a granite front, and bears, at present, only the simple line—

J. Q. ADAMS.

Thus concluded the funeral obsequies of this great and good man, which, commencing at Washington, have been celebrated in the cities and principal towns, through which the body passed, with such distinguished veneration and pious regard for the illustrious dead.

Life has been to him no "fitful fever," and death no longed-for release. We say of him,

"AFTER LIFE'S" SUCCESSFUL STRUGGLE, AND NOBLE TOIL, "HE SLEEPS WELL."

CONGRESSIONAL.—THE TREATY. Perhaps we should rejoice over this if not with trembling, yet with indignation. It has been confirmed by a vote of 38 to 15, Benton, Berrien, Webster, Badger, among the number, voting against it. The injunction of secrecy is not yet removed. The Pennsylvanian of Friday contains a letter from Mexico, in which the Treaty is called "a gambling project." He thus adds: "It is founded upon a stupendous system of private jobbing. It has been arranged by the agents of the Rothschilds and of Barings & Brothers, the English millionaires, and by Trist. A few days before the treaty was signed, these agents, knowing of the treaty, sent off couriers for Europe, with the information of the fact, to buy up the Mexican bonds for about $15 in the 100. As soon as the news of the treaty reaches Europe, the bonds will be forced up to thirty or forty dollars, or more, in the hundred, and then these millionaire bankers will sell out—having realized many millions by the operation. It is said that the British Minister and the agents of the European bankers here, as well as another, no longer authorized to act for our country, are all involved in this nefarious scheme."

The Telegraph of Monday last, announces that Major Graham has taken his departure from Washington, for the city of Mexico, with an official notice of the ratification of the treaty.

A Cabinet Council was held to consult on the best method of communicating the amended treaty to the Mexican government.

The Wednesday city papers say that Senator Sevier of Arkansas, has been appointed by the President, Commissioner to take out the Treaty to Mexico. He is now on his way.

In the House on Friday last, occurred a scene, how different, alas! from that so recently witnessed on occasion of the death of Adams!

In the House, after the transaction of some unimportant business, Mr. Jones of Tennessee, accused Mr. Haralson of Georgia, with inconsistency. A wordy combat ensued, in which Jones gave the lie to Haralson, upon which the latter struck the former. Both parties then clinched, and in the conflict desks were overturned, and much confusion ensued.

The affair created great excitement, and the members rushed from all parts of the House to separate the combatants. Eventually mutual apologies were exchanged, the House expressed its disapprobation of the occurrence, and good feeling was perfectly restored. After an animated discussion the matter was permitted to drop.

The Traveller states that the entertainment of the Congressional Delegation at the Tremont House on their return from the funeral at Quincy, was of a style that "called forth the utter amazement of the cold-water and Sunday-keeping members of the delegation from the south and west."

If this be so, then the old fashioned system of *treating at funerals* would seem to have come back; and if spirit cannot be got at the house, why it can at the Hotel.

The solemnities of Friday and Saturday were not entirely free from violations by profane tumult among some of the promiscuous crowd around Faneuil Hall, and by the operations of pickpockets, both in Boston and in Quincy, which under the circumstances were of the nature of the commission of sacrilege.

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES. The Chapel built by the church of the Disciples in Freeman Court, was dedicated on Wednesday, March 15. The Introductory Prayer was offered by Rev. N. Hall, of Dorchester; the Scriptures were read by Rev. E. Peabody, of Boston; Rev. J. F. Clarke, the pastor, preached the Sermon; the Dedication Prayer was offered by the minister and congregation from the printed Order of Exercises; Rev. Dr. Barrett, of Boston, offered the Concluding Prayer.

The subject of Mr. Clarke's sermon was—The Church as it Was, as it Is, and ought to Be, from Matt. xvi, 18: "Upon this Rock I will build my Church." The Church of the Past, said the preacher, had obtained unity at the sacrifice of the individual. The Church of the Present seeks individualism at the sacrifice of unity. The Church of the Future should be comprehensive, embracing the three classes of the Orthodox, the Unitarian, and the Spiritualist. Each needs all, and all needs each. The Church is one body, of many members. If only *one* member suffers, the whole body suffers. Mr. Clarke criticised both the faults and excellencies of the three classes which he specified, with freedom and candor; we do not say with perfect accuracy. We think the Spiritualist would be the most nearly satisfied with the criticisms, in reference to himself.

The sermon was a very valuable one, containing much reflection, many sure truths, and immovable principles, and we hope to see it in print. If its positions and criticisms shall not be all accepted, no builder on the foundation of prophets and apostles can read, as none could hear it, without being aided and encouraged in his work. May the church of the Disciples, gathered now in their beautiful house of worship, which they have erected with so much good taste and judgment, and discernment of the becoming, and yet economy, (the cost of the building being only $13,000,) live and flourish a band of brethren and sisters, swelling to the number that filled the pews and the aisles on the day of dedication, and overflowing like a living fountain.

DEDICATION OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN LEXINGTON. This took place on Feb. 23. The Order of Exercises was as follows:—I. Voluntary on the Organ. II. Anthem. III. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Newell of Cambridge. IV. Selections from Scripture by Rev. A. B. Muzzey of Cambridge. V. Chant. VI. Sermon by Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston. VII. Original Hymn, written for the occasion, by Rev. Dr. Flint of Salem. VIII. Dedication Prayer by Rev. T. H. Dorr of East Lexington. IX. Dedication Hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. J. Pierpont of Troy, N. Y. X. Concluding Prayer by Rev. C. Stetson of Medford. XI. Anthem. XII. Benediction.

The occasion was one of the most deep and touching interest, made the more so by the recent deathof him who was expected to stand in his place as pastor, and preach the Dedication Sermon. The allusions to him in every Exercise gave a sense of his presence with them in spirit.

INSTALLATION.—Rev. H. F. Harrington was installed as Pastor over the First Unitarian Society in Lawrence on Tuesday Feb. 20th. Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Haverhill, delivered the Introductory prayer. Rev. Ephraim Peabody, of Boston, preached the Sermon, from Acts 24: 16. Installing Prayer, by Rev. H. A. Miles, of Lowell. Address to the People, by Rev. Robert C. Waterston of Boston. Concluding prayer by Rev. Mr. Gage. Benediction, by the Pastor. [Lawrence Courier.

☞ REV. DR. BUSHNELL, of Hartford Ct., has been invited by the graduating Class of Divinity Students, Cambridge, to deliver their Valedictory Sermon on the 14th of July next.

Dr. Bushnell has also received an invitation to deliver the Discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, at the next Commencement.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE. In addition to the usual morning and afternoon services, the Indiana Street Church will be opened *every Sunday Evening*, for public worship, to be conducted by clergymen in the city and vicinity.

☞ Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge will preach on Sabbath Evening, March 19th.

☞ On Sunday Evenings the seats will be free; and a collection will be taken to defray expenses and in aid of the Society. march18

☞ REMOVAL. The Irish Protestant Society, of which Rev. J. Fisher is Pastor, has removed from Washington Street, to Harmony Hall, No. 21, corner of Hanover and Cross Streets.

Divine Service every Sunday at the usual hours, and devotional exercises in the Evening at 7 o'clock. march18

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society, acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars contributed by the Teachers and Pupils of the Sunday School connected with the First Church and Society in Fitchburg over which the Rev. Calvin Lincoln is Pastor, to constitute Mr. Asher Green, their late Superintendent, a Life Member of the Sunday School Society.

Boston, March 18th, 1848.

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union at the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Gray's Church on Monday evening next, March 20th, at 7 o'clock.

A full attendance is earnestly requested as a question of great importance will be discussed.

march18 THOMAS GAFFIELD, Secretary.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Dr Frothingham, Thomas B. Wales, Jr., to Miss Jennette M. Howe.

March 9th, by the same, R. J. Dodd, M. D., of Philadelphia to Miss H. Matilda, daughter of Mr Josiah Bradlee of Boston.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr George Reed to Miss Mary Jane Calor.

By Rev Mr Bartol, R. M. Richardson of Wells River, Vt., to Miss Ann H. Hapgood of Boston.

In West Cambridge, on the 9th inst, by Rev Mr Waldo, Mr James Francis Fiske of East Lexington, to Miss Lydia Ann Ingraham of W. C.

In Lowell, by Rev Mr Miles, Mr Eben P. Blood to Miss Eliza J. Bachelder, both of Chelmsford

In Lowell, March 5th, by the same, Mr Josiah Fisk, of Temple, N. H., to Miss Rebecca H. Fliut of Lowell.

In New Bedford, Feb. 22d, Hon. William Dunn of Poland, Me., to Mrs Meribah A. Allen, of New Bedford.

In Claremont, N. H., 29th ult, by Rev Mr Willis, Mr Hezekiah E. Hanson to Miss Cornelia C. Taylor, both of Newport.

In Nashville, N. H., Feb. 24, by Rev Mr Bulfinch, Mr Ira Gay to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Hugh Jameson, Esq., both of Nashville.

At Columbia, Monroe County, Ill., Mr Stephen Gardner, (formerly of Bolton, Mass.,) to Miss Agnes Cleghorn of New York.

DEATHS.

In Dorchester, 11th instant, Hon Henry Wheaton, the distinguished American jurist and diplomatist.

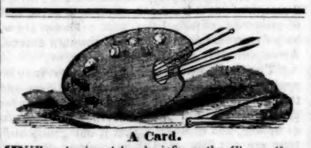
In Cambridge, March 5th, Miss Susan Locke, 68.

In Billerica, Mary Mansfield, 2 yrs 7 mos, youngest child of Joseph Blanchard.

In Portland, 9th inst, Amos Nichols, Esq., Deputy Collector of Customs.

In Auburn, N. H., 9th inst, of nervous fever, Mr James Hoyt, 66. [New York and Western papers please copy.]

Near the University of Virginia, Feb. 29th, Mr Nath'l Chamberlain, 63, a native of Salem



A Card.

THE undersigned hereby informs the Clergy, Committees of Religious Societies, and others, that he is prepared to execute, in a tasteful and appropriate manner, the decoration of interior walls and ceilings of Churches, Halls, and other buildings, in *Fresco, Oak Paneling*, or other ornamental styles of Painting, and is confident that his experience in the art, and his reasonable charges, will insure satisfaction.

Ventilating transparent Window Shades in Colors, representing Stained Glass, and scriptural sentences beautifully lettered on tablets in gold and relief, furnished at short notice.

Specimens of his work may be seen, and references given if required. Letters addressed to him, post paid, will be promptly attended to.

THOMAS D. MORRIS,
153 Washington Street.

Entrance No. 1 Harvard Place, directly opposite the Old South Church.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 201. Price 12½ cents. CONTENTS.

☞ This number contains a History of the Ether Discovery's the Report of the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital; Dr. Morton's Memoir to the French Academy. Edited by R. H. Dana, Jr.

Also various arsicles relating to the illness and death of John Quincy Adams.

Published every Week at Six Dollars a Year, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets.

☞ The Entrance to the Office is now in Bromfield Street. 1tis march18

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC. 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature ond science, which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE
RETAIL CARPET STORE.

HENRY PETTES & CO.,
CORNER WASHINGTON AND SUMMER ST'S
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS
OF
CARPETINGS,

INVITE the particular attention of the public to the following varieties of Carpeting, which are either imported direct from Europe or manufactured at their extensive establishment in Roxbury.

15 pieces SUPERFINE INGRAIN CARPETINGS, made at Roxbury, from fine selected Wood, and in the most permanent and durable colors.

300 pieces Roxbury Medium INGRAIN CARPETINGS, in very new and Beautiful patterns, suited to all purposes.

100 pieces FINE INGRAIN CARPETINGS, in good styles, and at a low price.

30 pieces Extra and Medium quality IMPERIAL THREE-PLY CARPETINGS, manufactured at Roxbury, in the best manner.

100 pieces of STAIR CARPETINGS, Plain, Double Twilled, and Damask Venitian, of all widths and qualities, made at Roxbury, in the latest styles.

PATENT TAPESTRY BRUSSELS.

100 pieces of these beautiful Goods, which are also manufactured at Roxbury, are received from the Factory every month. These will be shown, SIDE BY SIDE, with the best English Tapestry Carpets, that purchasers may judge of their comparative merits. The price of these Carpets will be much lower than the English.

ENGLISH BRUSSELS CARPETS.

ENGLISH TAPESTRY CARPETS, VELVET PILE CARPETS, ROYAL WILTONS AND AXMINSTERS, LONDON INGRAIN CARPETS STAIR CARPETS, EXTRA WIDE DRUGGETS, &c., &c., just imported and for sale at low prices.

We have great advantages in the pursuit of our business. We can offer to our customers every description of CARPETING, OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, from the most drugable and plain description, suited to the attic or basements, to the most beautiful Velvet Pile Tapestry. We have also a very great variety of styles and patterns, and we are determined to sell our Carpets at prices so low that they cannot but be satisfactory.

This is the only Warehouse in the city, where Carpets can be purchased at retail, directly of the manufacturers.

Purchasers who may wish to gratify their curiosity, can receive Tickets of admission to our Factories at Roxbury.

Special attention given to furnishing Carpets for Churches and Public Halls, Hotels, Masonic and Odd Fellows' Lodges, &c. eopiseopos6w march18

AMONG the many blessings attendant upon improvements in the social condition, and the advances of our race in intelligence, is the prolongation of human life. With the increase of intelligence has grown up a knowledge for the elements of health, and a regard for them, and commensurately with the strides of science have we acquired the means of arresting disease, and averting its ravages. Notwithstanding the progress we have made, statistics show that even now, one sixth of the whole population die annually of consumption.

One of the most important discoveries of the age, in ameliorating the condition of this large class of suffering humanity is

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

What time establishes and consecrates, what experience adopt and consecrates, what all men in all places unite in saying is good and valuable, is so, no doubt.—A popularity of this sort fixes in society its roots so deep and so strong, that time cannot destroy it. The success which has attended this medicine for several years past, has overcome the prejudices of all respectable men, and the article has taken a stand among the first class of discoveries and blessings of the age; and when resorted to in season, eradicates the disease for which it is recommended.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington street, Boston, and by Druggists generally. march18

POETRY OF THE PRISON! Select Lecture.—One Night Only! Charles Spear, Editor of the Prisoner's Friend, proposes to deliver One Lecture on the Poetry of The Prison, in Phillips' Place, (nearly opposite the Stone Chapel, Tremont Street,) on Thurs day Evening, March 23d, at 7½ o'clock.

☞ The Lecture will consist of Sketches of Distinguished Statesmen, Divines and Poets, who have written in Prison. The whole illustrated by specimens of their Poems, composed in the cell.

Part I,—James Montgomery, Madame de La Mothe Guyon, John Bunyan. Part II,—Wm. Dodd, LL.D., Walter Raleigh.

☞ TICKETS 12½ cents each, admitting a Lady and Gentleman. For sale at the Prisoner's Friend Office, 40 Cornhill, and at Crosby & Nichols', Washington Street. 1tis march18

NO. 15 CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY. Just published. CONTENTS.

Traditionary Tales of Tweeddale, The Maid of Neidpath, etc., Madam Roland the Girondins, Shipwreck of the Medusa, Voluntary Distortions, Tigut Lacing, etc., Sculptor of the Black Forest, Poems of Sir Walter Walter Scott.

This work is confidently commended to Teachers, School Committees, and all others interested in the formation of "School Libraries," as the very best work for this purpose. Its wide range of subjects, presented in the most popular style, makes it exceedingly interesting and instructive to all classes. The publishers have been favored with the most flattering testimonials from distinguished school teachers, and expressing the most earnest desire to have it introduced into the libraries of all schools.

From George B. Emerson, Esq., Chairman of the Book Committee of the Boston Schools:

Messrs. GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN:—

Gentlemen,—"I have examined with a good deal of care "Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge" particularly with reference to its suitableness to form part of a library for young persons.—It is, indeed, a library in itself, and one of great value, containing very choice selections in history, biography, natural history, poetry, art, physiology, elegant fiction, and various departments of science, made with great taste and judgment, and with the highest moral and philanthropic purpose. It would be difficult to find any miscellany superior or even equal to it; it richly deserves the epithets "useful and entertaining," and I would recommend it very strongly as extremely well adapted to form parts of a library for young, or of a social or circulating library, in town or country."

I am Respectfully Yours, &c.,
GEO. B. EMERSON.

GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN,
march18 3toist Publishers, 59 Washington st.

CARPETS.

ONE of the largest and perhaps the most choice Stock of Carpeting in the market, embracing all the usual quantities from the most approved manufactories that have been tested for durability in fabric and colors. Tapestry, Brussels, 3 Ply, Superfine and Medium qualities manufactured to order, in new patterns, adapted to Parlors, Basements and Chambers—Painted Floor Cloths for Dining Rooms, Entries, Ships Cabins, Railroad Cars, &c. Straw Matting, Stair Rods, Window Shades and Fixtures, Cotton and Woollen Bockings from ½ to 3 yards wide. Rugs, Mats, &c., to which the attention of purchasers at wholesale or retail is respectfully solicited at the Hanover Street Carpet Warehouse, corner of Blackstone Street, by
march11 os3m WM. P. TENNY.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS!

SPRING MODE.

COOK & COSTAR,
HATTERS,
NOS. 15 AND 17 COURT STREET,

INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THEIR PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC, to the
SPRING STYLE HAT
which they introduced on SATURDAY, the 4th inst.

Upon issuing the Fashion the present season, C. & C., would state that their arrangements with Messrs. Wm. H. Beebe & Co., (late Beebe & Costar,) of New York, will enable them to produce a Hat, which for beauty of design, richness of material, and elegance of style, can be unapproached and inimitable.

As they have an experienced Shaper always in readiness, Gentlemen can have their Hats fitted to the oval of their heads so as to conform to the features of the wearer, and preserve the original symmetry of the Hat.

Those residing at a distance can be supplied with Hats of the Spring style by sending per mail the precise length and breadth of the Hat worn by them.

CLOTH AND FANCY CAPS.

A great variety of the latest NEW YORK and PARIS styles.

Boston, March 11, 1848. 6tis

THE WILLIAMS FAMILY. The Genealogical History of the Williams Family, in America, with Elegant Portraits, 1 vol. By Stephen Williams, M. D.

This highly interesting book, is just published and is for sale at the Office of the Christian Register, No. 22 School Street,—up stairs. dec11

RE-OPENING
—OF—
JEWETT & PRESCOTT'S
SILK AND SHAWL STORE,
—IN—
MILK STREET,
A FEW STEPS FROM WASHINGTON STREET.

RECEPTION BY THE LATEST ARRIVALS,
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500 PACKAGES
SILK GOODS AND SHAWLS,
Unsurpassed in Beauty and Variety of
NEW STYLES,
By any assortment in the United States

JEWETT & PRESCOTT'S PLAN, OF COMBINING THE
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BUSINESS in Milk street, has received PUBLIC APPROBATION of the MOST DECIDED CHARACTER, which circumstance has rendered the Enlargement of their Establishment absolutely necessary.
THE MILK STREET
Silk and Shawl Store,
HAS ACCORDINGLY BEEN
ENLARGED, RE-MODELED AND IMPROVED,
from one Extreme to the other, and now
PRESENTS AN APPEARANCE
TRULY MAGNIFICENT,
AND WORTHY THE NOTICE OF PURCHASERS FROM EVERY SECTION
OF
NEW ENGLAND.

☞ The Complete Sale of J. & P.'s Stock during the months of December and January, enables them to open the SPRING BUSINESS without a Dollar's Worth of Old Goods, which cannot be said by any other firm in the City of Boston.

THE ABOVE
500 PACKAGES
NOW OPENING, CONTAIN
LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
SILKS AND SATINS,
FOR DRESSES,
All of which are in Colors, Designs and Qualities, wholly arranged by ourselves, and Manufactured for the MILK STREET SILK AND SHAWL STORE,
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—ALSO—
VISITES, AND VISITE SILKS,
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CHOICEST QUALITIES OF
Bombazines, Alpines, Alpaccas,
AND A LARGE VARIETY
of Goods that do not come under the head of Silks and Shawls. It is an UNDENIABLE FACT that a very large Proportion of the
SILK GOODS
—AND—
SHAWLS
CONSUMED IN NEW ENGLAND, PASS THROUGH OUR HANDS,
and this Circumstance alone sufficiently demonstrates to Purchasers the advantage of Buying at HEAD QUARTERS, and from FIRST HANDS, where the
LOWEST PRICES,
—AND—
LATEST STYLES OF GOODS,
CAN ALWAYS BE SECURED.

THE LADIES,
WILL FIND OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENT
UNDER THE
MOST PERFECT MANAGEMENT,
AND FILLED WITH
CHOICE AND FASHIONABLE GOODS,
DIFFERENT FROM THOSE TO BE FOUND ELSEWHERE.

JEWETT & PRESCOTT,
MILK STREET,
NEXT TO THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.
march11 2mislmos

CORBETT'S UNRIVALLED
COMPOUND SYRUP OF SARSAPARILLA.

THE Subscribers having purchased of Dr. Corbett, of Shaker Village, Canterbury, N. H., the exclusive right for the sale of this invaluable preparation, now offer the same to the public, under the amplest testimonials as to its signal and efficacious qualities. It stands unrivalled in cures of the most inveterate cases of Scrofula and all diseases of the Blood. It also, by its powerful alterative qualities securely and permanently effects a full restorative to Health in cases of Chronic Inflammation of the Digestive Organs, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Jaundice, Weakness and Soreness of the Stomach, Salt Rheum; all Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, &c., &c.

The fact is well established by Medical Writers.—The Phthisis Pulmonachs or *Consumption*, a disease most fatal in this Country, most generally originates in a Scrofulous state of the System. Diseases of the Liver and affections of the Biliary secretions often originate with persons of Scrofulous taint. And before such diseases can be mitigated or arrested, this Scrofulous Diathesis must be removed. This, the present preparation, is warranted *Effectually to do.*

The Formula has been laid before the New

POETRY.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and GOD o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And Heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs from frost set free,
That brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

[Bryant.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEIGHBORS' PRESCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

(From the National Era.)

It may not be considered polite "to talk to physicians of fevers," in stories, more than in drawing rooms; yet, if I so offend, pardon me, for the sake of a good motive, as the lady said when she killed her friend by advising the wrong physic. And the first thing we will talk about, dear reader, will be neighbors' well-meant but oft-times injudicious and fatal prescriptions for the sick. The first illustration in point, that occurs to me, is the case of a relative, a man in the prime of life, who was recovering from a severe attack of bilious pleurisy. He was so far convalescent as to require no farther aid from medicine or attention from a physician. He was able to sit up, but very weak. While in health, he had been a moderate drinker of wine and brandy. Now that he was suffering under the debility consequent upon a severe fit of illness, he fancied that he required his accustomed stimulant. A neighbor, tender-hearted to the extent of weakness, mixed and presented to him a glass of brandy toddy. From the moment in which he swallowed it, his fever arose, and he grew rapidly and alarmingly worse. The family physician was hastily summoned, and, upon his arrival at the bedside of his patient, he demanded to be informed what he had been taking. The conscience-striken neighbor answered, in faltering tones,—"Nothing in the world, doctor, but a little drop of brandy toddy, which you know could not possibly hurt him—could it?"

"He will be stiff enough in three days," was the *literal* reply of the blunt old physician.

And *he was* "stiff enough in three days;" and to the end of her long life, the kind-hearted but ill judging neighbor reproached herself with having "killed poor George G——."

Let me try to recall the circumstances of the next case.

Yes! I remember. There was poor B. He was a *good* youth—"one of the excellent of the earth"—his mother's heart—his father's right hand. While suffering under a slight indisposition, induced by a long pedestrian journey through the heat of an August sun, he was persuaded by a neighbor to try somebody's pills, an infallible remedy for all diseases—hydrophobia and whooping-cough, croup and corns, mania and measles, erysipelas and every thing. He bought a box, poor boy! and took the pills; but the more pills he took, the worse he grew—and the worse he grew, the more pills he took—until the box was empty, and himself past cure. The pills in his particular case acted as a potent poison, and killed him in two days. His medical attendant, (called in when he was dying,) said it, and his parents knew it.

It is rather hard that physicians not only have a downright, aboveboard, open enemy, in a *disease*, to encounter, but that in neighbors' prescriptions they have to contend with a secret foe, who works in the dark, whom they do not suspect, and cannot surprise—because, when the step of the Doctor is heard upon the stairs, the bottle or the bowl is always thrust under the bed or into the cupboard. These neighbors, while entertaining the kindest intentions, and making the most plausible professions, contrive by their prescriptions to counteract the Doctor's treatment, baffle his skill, and kill his patient—by giving a stimulant where he had ordered a sedative, an astringent when he had directed a cathartic, or an opiate if he has prescribed a febrifuge—and *vice versa*. And the physician comes and finds that a case, the successful treatment of which has cost him deep research, severe study, anxious thought, constant vigilance—a case in which not only his professional reputation is involved, but his social sympathy is enlisted, (for the family physician, though a constant attendant at the bed of suffering, is not case-hardened; he feels the imploring glance of his patient, who seems to think life depends upon the Doctor's skill; he sees the anxious looks of friends, who scarcely breathe while listening to his fiat)—a case which he has brought to a certain point of convalescence, suddenly wrested from his hands, and placed beyond his reach, not by the inveteracy of disease, not by the inefficiency of medicine) but by the officious intermeddling of some well-meaning but injudicious neighbor. In many such cases, the physician must be utterly at a loss to conjecture the cause of his patient's unexpected change for the worse; for, more than half the time, neighbors and friends are unconscious of having caused the mischief, or unwilling to acknowledge their agency in it—so that, notwithstanding the physician's cross examination, the truth is seldom elicited. I have often heard people say, in such cases—

"Lord bless you, we were afraid to let the Doctor know."

And so the Doctor, seeing this failure, may lose faith in his excellent mode of treatment, and in the next case, change it for a worse one.

But I must make an end of "oratory," and, skipping at least twenty good illustrations of my caption, come to the last and most affecting instance on the list: and I must introduce it story-fashion, too, lest it should not be read. *Imprimis.*

The reader will please to imagine, for himself or herself, the neatest, cleanest, coolest, pleasantest, little summer house that can be conceived, so that it comes within the means of a poor journeyman mechanic—for such a one was the father of the two delicate young girls who occupy the room. Upon a little French bedstead, covered with a white counterpane, reposed the fair, fragile form of Annie, the elder of the twin sisters. She was thin even to emaciation, yet very beautiful as she slept. Her long black eyelashes rested upon a cheek white as marble, transparent as pearl; her long black hair, escaped from her cap, floated over the pillow.—Her slender white arm was thrown above her head, across the black tresses. The other sister, Clara, was moving about the room silently, as if fearful of awakening the sleeper. This girl was the fac simile of her twin sister, except that she had a burning red color on her cheeks and lips, and an unnatural sparkle in her bright eyes. Her slender form was arrayed in a loose white wrapper. The sleeper stirred, murmured, opened her eyes, and said—

"Are you there, Clara!"

"Yes, love; what will you have, dear Annie?" inquired Clara, approaching the bed-side softly.

"Give me your hand, Clara. This dear little hand! how lovingly and patiently it has tended me, through this long, long illness. This poor little, thin hand"— said Annie, fondly playing with her sister's fingers—"but how hot it is, Clara; how very hot your hand is! You are feverish, sister; you have confined yourself too closely. Raise the window a little way to give me air, and then go and take a walk—won't you?"

Clara raised the window, and opened an opposite door, so that a current of air could pass through and ventilate the room, without blowing upon the sick girl. Annie drew a long, deep breath, and smiled.

"That air is *so* pleasant! It breathes so sweet, and fresh—it gives me new life."

Clara returned to the bedside, and said cheerfully—

"You are a great deal better this morning, dear Annie!"

"Yes, a great deal better—I slept so well—and have waked up so refreshed. My fever is off, my skin is moist, the heat and tightness have left my chest, and, above all, I can draw a dear, blessed, good, *deep* breath. Oh, Clara! you can't conceive what a blessing it is to be able to draw a free breath—you would have to be half suffocated for a month, as I have been, in order to realize it."

"You have been a great sufferer, my poor dear Annie, but thank God, you are better now. And you *look* so much better too," said Clara, suddenly checking the fervor of her feelings, lest it should agitate Annie.

"Now, then, Clara, go out and take a walk, won't you! Indeed, I'm afraid you will make yourself ill, by such a close confinement. Go now, there's a dear."

"Presently, presently, Annie."

"No—*now*. I'm going to make you go; or if you won't, I'll talk, and bring on a fever; or else, as the spoiled children say, 'I'll *cry*, and make myself ill,'" said Annie, smiling.

"Oh! I am so glad to see you so merry, Annie."

"Will you do as I bid you!"

"After a while—when we've seen Dr. Wood; his carriage is before the door."

"And here he comes up the stairs," said Annie, listening.

The family physician now entered the room. He was an elderly man, with a tall thin figure, blue-grey hair, and a red face. He walked up to the bedside of his patient, laid his hand upon her forehead, held her wrist, and remarked, cheeringly—

"You are very much improved this morning, my child."

"Oh, yes, Dr. Wood! the last medicine did me a great deal of good. I slept sweetly last night, and I have waked up this morning—*so* hungry. What can I have to eat?"

"Still thinking of her stomach! Clara, tell John Brown, I say, he had better go into the eating line. Set up a refectory or something. Annie'll be an excellent help mate in such a concern; she'll be able to cater for other people's palates by the test of her own."

Clara laughed merrily; but Annie pretended not to hear, and reiterated her complaint and question.

"I want something to eat, Doctor! What *can* I have to eat!"

"Why, you *can* have roast beef and plum pudding, but you sha'n't."

"Pshaw! Can I have a cup of coffee, and an egg, and some toast!"

"Yes," said the Doctor, complainingly, "you can have a cup of——rice water, and a soda cracker—"

"Oh, Doctor!" groaned Annie, making a face.

"Or some good—water-gruel."

Annie turned her head away in disgust.

"Or else some excellent——barley-water."

Annie exhibited strong symptoms of hydrophobia.

"Oh, Doctor!" exclaimed she, "can you give me nothing but a choice among the different preparations of *water?* Can't I have a little chicken soup?"

"Not for a day or two to come, my child."

The Doctor then assured his patient that she was getting well fast, and that by Sunday she should have something savory for dinner, and took his leave.

"Clara, do you hear! The Doctor says I shall have something good to eat Sunday, and that is day after to-morrow. And it shall be fried chicken—no! it shall be stewed oysters. Clara, do you hear! Tell father the Doctor says I am to have some stewed oysters day after to-morrow; do you hear now?"

"Yes, yes, darling, I hear: I will tell father."

But Clara did not think that the Doctor had particularly recommended, nor did she believe that he would particularly approve, the dish selected. However, unwilling to vex her beloved invalid, she refrained from opposing her now, and followed the Doctor out of the room.

"Clara, come back here!"

"Well, darling?" said Clara, returning.

"Come close—ask the Doctor when you get down stairs, if he thinks my lungs are affected; ask him *confidentially*, you know, and then come up and tell me the truth, will you?"

Clara left the room, and soon returned with a very cheerful countenance.

"Did you ask the Doctor, Clara?"

"Yes, dear Annie: and he assures me that you are not at all consumptive, at present, and will never be so, if you take care of yourself. He says that you have been suffering from an attack of neu—neu—I forget—but, any way, *not* consumption."

Annie smiled.

"That is a great deal off my mind, dear Clara; I have such a dread of pulmonary consumption; I was so much afraid I had contracted it, and, indeed, I didn't want to die yet."

"And make poor John Brown a widower, before he becomes a husband—to be sure not; but there's no danger these fifty years to come, thanks to our good Doctor."

"Yes; thanks to our good Doctor, for he is good, Clara; and I feel such a glow of gratitude to him, when I think of all his kindness—his attending poor mother for two years before she died, and his 'tending me so constantly through this tedious illness"——

"Yes, indeed. And father asked him for his bill last week, and what do you think he said? Why, 'You don't owe me anything, Mr. Gray.'"

"And he with such a large family, too!"

"Yes; he is a poor man himself." But he is like all others of his profession. They do more good, and get less thanks, than any other set of men whatever; they jump at all hours of the day or night, and in all weathers, to wait upon all sorts of people, rich or poor, paid or not paid, thanked or abused, it is all the same—and they get no credit; it seems to be expected of them, and they do it. I have known a Doctor to jump up in the middle of the night, in a severe snow storm, to visit a poor man with the rheumatism, from whom it would have been folly to have expected pay; and the man, too, seemed to consider it quite a matter of course; and I don't believe he ever even said, 'Thank you, Doctor.'"

"Oh, well! he thanked him in his heart, Clara; at least, if he feels like me, he did. I, for one, say, God bless the medical faculty in general, and our own dear old Doctor in particular. Oh! Clara, you don't know how grateful one feels towards the person who has conjured away all our bad feelings, and restored us to comfort and enjoyment. And he has raised me almost from the grave. Oh! I love the good Doctor so much. And when he laid his hand upon my forehead, just now, I wanted to take the dear, kind hand and press it to my lips and to my bosom; but that would have been very shocking, I suppose!"

"Very;" said Clara, laughing.

"I'm in earnest, though," said the sick girl, as the tears swam in her eyes, "for I love the good Doctor more than either of my uncles, and next to my father, for he has tended me long and patiently, and saved my life; and I like life, Clara, and I don't like to die. He has taken away all my bad feelings, and restored me to enjoyment—all 'without money and without price'—and so I love the Doctor, and I shall *always* love him; and the very next time he comes to see me, I am going to kiss him, and tell him so, to ease my heart; and you see if I don't for," added the child petulantly, "I'm sick, and sick people must have their own way."

"To be sure, my pet, so you shall—kiss the Doctor, or the Doctor's dog, or anybody else you please, and as much as you please"——

"Hush! Is not that father singing?" asked Annie.

"Yes, dear; he has been singing at his work all the morning; sawing wood, and singing; pumping water, and singing; making a fire, and singing"——

"Oh! I know," murmured Annie, as an expression of ineffable tenderness came into her face, "dear father! he's singing because I am out of danger."

"Yes; he is so glad. He says, although the Doctor wont give him his bill, as soon as he gets his month's pay he will send him a twenty dollar bill."

"Poor father! he would 'draw the spirit from his breast, and give it' for my sake."

"Hush! here comes Mrs. Brown."

A fat, cozy, grandmotherly looking matron now entered the room, sat down in the rocking chair, sighed, and inquired, in a sad tone—

"How do you feel this morning, dear?"

"Very much better I thank you, Mrs. Brown. Clara, love, go down now and give father his breakfast; it must be near time for him to go to work; and get your own, Clara; you must be faint, you've been up so long. Mrs. Brown will remain with me until your return. Can't you, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure;" said the old lady. "Go, Clara, I'll stay with Annie."

Clara left the room.

"There, honey, see what I have brought you; a nice bowl of panado, with port wine in it."

"I am very much obliged to you, indeed, Mrs. Brown, but the Doctor says I mustn't take anything stimulating."

"Fiddlestick! You mustn't mind all the Doctor says. This is very nourishing; it will strengthen you. Here, taste, and see how good it is."

"It *smells* very nice," said Annie, looking longingly at the bowl.

"Taste it. Don't be afraid of it. It is very simple."

"It looks very good," said Annie, toying with the spoon, but I'd rather not eat anything against the Doctor's orders."

"Oh, the Doctor! You must think Doctor is omnipotent, but I don't. Here, let me raise you up. Don't be afraid, and never mind what the Doctor says. Do you think I would give you anything to hurt you? No, I would not, for poor John's sake."

The old lady propped Annie up with pillows, and set the bowl before her. Annie took the spoon, turned about the panada, and placed a morsel to her lips, in a cautious and gingerly manner.

"There! Ain't it good! Poor John went all over town to get that port wine genuine."

"Did John get it?" asked Annie, raising her eyebrows in an inquiring manner, and poising the spoon half way between the bowl and her lips.

"Yes he did; went to a dozen places before he could get the real stuff. There, honey, eat it *all* up."

And with renewed confidence, as if nothing hurtful could come through her lover's hands, Annie did "eat it all up."

Annie had scarcely finished her meal, when the hectic spot appeared upon her cheek, her lips grew bright, and her eyes blazed up with the fearful light of fever.

"There now," exclaimed the old lady, as she received the bowl from Annie, "don't you feel better? I told you so! You look like another person. You've got some color now. Oh! if I had you, I'd get you up in no time. Dear me! here are all the windows up; this will never do. It will give you your death of cold!" and the grandmotherly old lady let them all down, and shut the door. The morning was very sultry, and the room soon became very warm.

"Dear Mrs. Brown, this is suffocating; please raise the windows again. The Doctor says there must be a free circulation of fresh air in the room."

"My dear child, I shall do no such thing. It might be the death of you. You mustn't put so much dependence on what the Doctor says. Sure, if he is such a knowing man, it is a wonder he loses so many patients."

It is a wonder he did not lose *all*, when Mrs. Brown, who was a regular visiter of the sick, followed, like fate, in his footsteps.

"There, my dear, I hear them coming up stairs. I must be going. I have got to call and see Mrs. Piper's baby; it's got the summer complaint."

"You are very good to the sick, dear Mrs. Brown."

"It's no more than my duty, Annie," said the old lady, with solemn self-complacency. "Good bye, honey; make haste and get well, and be my daughter, you know. John's house is nearly finished. I believe I hear John's voice now, down stairs."

Mr. Gray now entered the room, to bid Annie good bye, before going to his work.

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown! Won't you sit!" said he to the old lady.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Gray. No, I thank you, I was just going; good day." And the old lady went down stairs.

"You are loooking very well this morning, my pretty Annie," said Gray.

"I am *almost* well, dear father."

"What is that I must get for you by Sunday, darling?"

"Oh! father! yes, some oysters, some nice Nantichoke oysters, to stew by Sunday. The Doctor says I am to have something nice on Sunday; and so I want oysters."

"Very well, my dear Annie; father will get them," said he, stroking her hair.

"Is John Brown down stairs, father?"

"Yes, darling, waiting to come up. Are you well enough to see him?"

"Oh! yes, dear father, let him come."

"Well, then, my sweet Annie, I must bid you good bye for the present. I'll send him up; and see here, Annie," lowering his voice, "get well, and then—won't we have a fine wedding!"

Annie reddened. The father was going out—she recalled him.

"See here, father; make Clara take a walk, will you? She is too much confined."

"Very well. I'll attend to it. Good bye, darling."

"Good bye, dear father. Don't work too hard," said Annie, as she put her arms around his neck, and received his parting kiss. [To be concluded.

DESCENDANTS OF MARTIN LUTHER.

"The last descendants of Martin Luther, now living in Germany, and very poor, lately abjured the Reformed, and adopted the Roman Catholic religion." So say late European Newspapers. It is but an instance of many in which human beings shew themselves unworthy of the privileges and honors bestowed on them. The Reformers sought a great work, and acquired for themselves great and well deserved renown. He among their descendants who barters away such a birthright for a mess of potage; who recedes from the light they have poured around him, and crawls back into the darkness and corruption they endeavored to remove, is surely to be pitied. Some similar things however, take place among ourselves. The sons of the Puritans, in some instances, despise their inheritance. Though God has connected them with a race of men, such as the world, beside, has scarcely seen, and made them more indebted to their ancestors than almost any generation that ever lived, yet are there some who discard the blessing, and put their necks again under the yoke, from which their fathers fought, and bled, and died, to be free! Oh, could the sires speak to the sons, what tones would be heard. Heaven compassionate the world, and speed the day when man shall understand and appreciate a spiritual religion.

The above article we found in in the last Boston Recorder, and if permitted to pass uncorrectly it will probably go "the round of the American press," from Maine to Texas. There is a slight mistake in the statement, and that mistake makes all the difference in the world. The truth is, that one of the descendants of Luther many years ago wandered into one of the darkest and most degraded Romish portions of Bohemia, and there became a Romish Catholic. His children however, a few years ago, to the number of three or four or five,—we have forgotten the precise number,—all left Bohemia and returned to Germany, where they every one of them formally abjured Romanism and embraced the religious principles of their great progenitor, so that they are now again *Lutherans* in religion as well as by name. [Lutheran Obs.

DENOUNCING POPERY.

[From a Correspondent of the Vermont Chronicle.]

MESSRS EDITORS: I by no means endorse Mr. Kirk's view of the pope. I only give a faithful report of his words. Gentlemen, and clergymen with whom I have conversed, express opinions far more favorable towards the Pope. They believe him to be, at heart, in favor of religious and intellectual liberty. And those are views of men who *ought* to know. An observing Christian cannot but regret the course adopted by some ministers and certain religious papers, *denouncing* Popery, Romanism, Popes and Romanists, indiscriminately. This fashion of bristling up against Catholics, is not likely to convert them. They must be met in a spirit of love, charity, and earnest seeking for their soul's salvation. That Popery can ever become triumphant in this country, seems absurd. It cannot live along with light and "Yankee Schoolmasters."

PERSEVERANCE.

It is related of the venerable Bishop Soule, that during his passage through one of the southwestern wildernesses, in company with the sainted McKendree, the way became almost impassable for the vehicle, in consequence of the thick underwood and fallen trees. While on the point of surrendering up all hopes of success, he pointed to the foot-prints of a horse in the dim path, indicating that it had been travelled before. "Drive on," said the bishop, "*I suffer no man to go, where I cannot follow!*"

SCHILLER'S OPINION OF GOETHE. "It would make me miserable to be often with Goethe; his feelings never overflow, even for his dearest friend; nothing can bind him, I certainly think he is a first-rate egotist; he possesses the talent of binding men, and of putting them under obligations by little attentions as well as great ones, but he never commits himself. He makes his existence known by his benevolence, but he does it as if it were a god, he never gives himself. This appears to me to be a studied and systematic mode of action, calculated to foster the most refined enjoyment of self-love. He is one of those persons who ought to be kept at a distance. He is positively hateful to me on this account, although I greatly admire his mind, and think most highly of him. He has awakened within me a peculiar combination of hatred and love, a sentiment not unlike that which Brutus and Cassius must have felt for Cæsar. I would destroy this selfish spirit if I could, and then I should love him with all my heart." [Corr. with Korner.

We celebrate noble obsequies to those we love more by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit offering of good deeds. [Richter.

The less tenderness a man has in his nature, the more he requires from others. [Rahel.

CLEANSING THE TEETH. "Charcoal should not be used for cleansing the teeth, since its particles contain a grinding powder, which from its harshness wears off the enamel. The best powder for cleansing the teeth is made in the following manner:—Take of Peruvian bark 2 parts, of Armenian bole 4 pts, prepared chalk 4 pts., myrrh 2 pts., loaf sugar 2 pts., Castile soap 2 parts, and of carbonate of soda 1-2 a part. These are to be pulverized, mixed and passed through a sieve. An apothecary can furnish the powder.

"The brush with which this powder is to be applied, should be sufficiently large and firm, and the hairs not too closely placed. One reason for preferring hard brushes is, that they become softer by use, and another is, that if not pretty stiff, they are not firm enough to cleanse the teeth thoroughly. They are never too hard unless they are so unyielding as to insinuate themselves between the teeth and the gums, so as to separate them; this being guarded against, the firmer they are the better.

"Having provided the powder and brush, the question is how are they to be used?

"The mouth should be rinsed with cold water, and the brush dipped into it before the powder is used. A quantity of the powder should then be taken up on the end of the brush, and applied to every part of each tooth, not only to the anterior surface of the fore teeth, but the brush covered with the dentrifice should be successively applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the upper and lower teeth, and also to their ends. The last motions of the brush should be carried from the gums to the ends of the teeth, in the direction of their length. This serves to elongate the gum and to spread its points more elegantly over the enamel. The best time for using the tooth powder is after breakfast, and this should be done every day. In addition to this, we should be careful to cleanse the mouth with water and the brush, after every meal; and this should be particularly attended to before going to rest, otherwise the foulness which is too often permitted to accumulate through the day, cannot fail to commit its ravages on the teeth, gums and breath through the night. Four or five minutes should be employed in using the brush, and it is well to rinse the mouth with water and brush the teeth after every meal. It is an error to suppose that the enamel is injured by rubbing with a stiff brush; we might as well argue that the palms of the hands are injured by work."

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